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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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John F. Kennedy Jr.
Finally Gets a Real Job
By Michael Gross

PHILIP CAPUTO

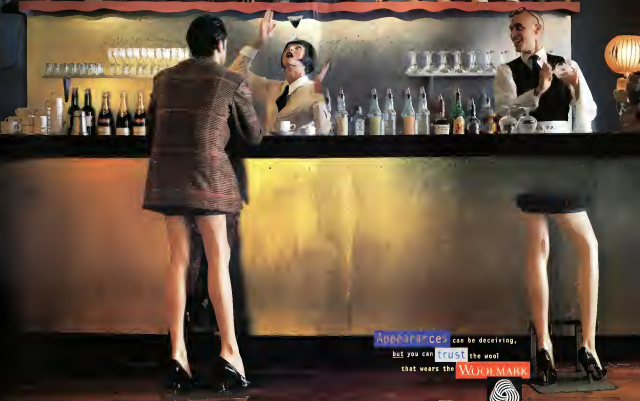
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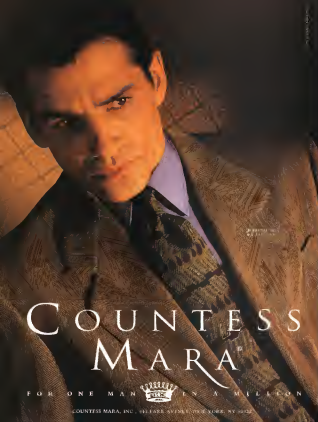
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RALPH LAUREN



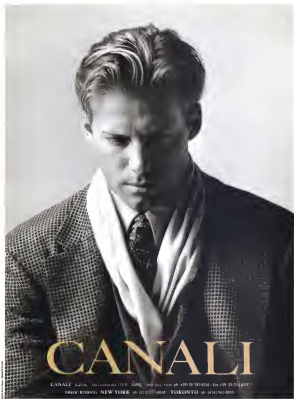


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Esquire

SEPTEMBER 1995 VOLUME 124 NO. 3

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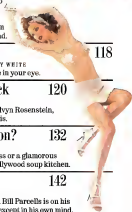
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Sometimes even a schlub like you can sleep with a star.



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The Outer Man

Think of them as four-wheel-drive vehicles for your wardrobe: tough clothes for an active lifestyle.

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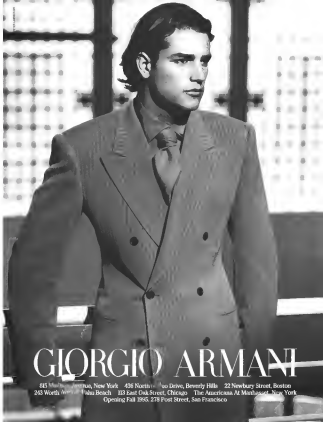
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PRADA

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Love Letters

CONGRATULATIONS to Esquire for unclashing the genders of love between the sexes in "Do Women Love Men?" (June). I also commend the group of sophisticated, cynical, backstroked, manipulative, and somewhat narrow-minded women who sat through the male-bashing dinner party and demonstrated just how little women know about the fragile male ego. I have the perfect male counterparts for your nice feminist dinner party: Rush Limbaugh, John Robbins, Tim Allen, and Andrew "Duce" Clay. Let's see if Nancy Friday moderate that one together.

—C. R. CONNER
Knoxville, Tenn.



Do women love men? Well, of course we do. I personally dig their charming habit of referring to overweight women as pigs. That is just to name. And the clever way they have turned the term *ferret* into an ugly, scaly insult. Furthermore, men have proven that they would dump their aging wife for a young babe in a minute given the opportunity (though I fear and foresee), because a woman's worth is equivalent to her youth and beauty. If a man wants to carry a woman's love, he'd better start considering her humanity before her physicality. You could start with a Virgin Women over forty box.

—Lisa Kluhman
Fashion Mom

I COMBINED MONEY PRIZES for her "Lionhearted solo as moderate as 'Do Women Love Men?' But I must comment on what appeared to be the confusion not just of the ladies involved in the article but of most women I've known. There are dogs out there, but there are also many men who want romance, love, and security. I have treated all of my past lovers with the respect, love, and caring they say they want, and the end result has always been the women leaving me. Maybe if women could deal with some of the looks, some of the money, and all of the love and compassion, love would be obtained much easier than it is, indeed.

gas men aren't the only ones guilty of the old double standard

—Los Caminos
Indígenas

Nor is the *Survivor* sullen with her disheveled mane—wavy, including her personal ad story, which she sells so often she probably yells it out in bed—but she also discards herself as a “self-esteem and weight-loss guru” by using phrases like “it’s thing for fat boys” and “fat hag” when referring to women in love with overweight men. And to top off her apologetic confusion, she leaves in a huff at the first sign of opposition.

—LYNN FERRICK
New Britain, Pa.

REGARDING YOUR article "Do Women Love Men?"—thanks for giving me yet another reason to die a virgin.

—JOHN F. FRANCES WILSON
Tide City

DO WOMEN LOVE MEN? Thank you for asking. It implies that men may actually care about what women think. Your sensitivity is so touching that I won't complain about the fact that Susan Power and Ashley Richardson hardly represent what I would consider a panel of experts on the subject. I believe the answer lies in the wisdom of two disparate voices: Heather Lockless, who factually stated that men are dogs, and Robert Frost, who wrote, "We love the things we love for what they are."

—KAREN TALLACRON
San Francisco, Calif.

I HAVE TO LAUGH that men should take if women love us based on the tone of your article, in which men are primarily buffoons, women's love for men seem to happen by accident, against their better judgment. Men are increasingly being portrayed in science fiction, sitcoms and pop magazine articles as nonessential to financial and personal stability, childbearing, or parenting. In the context of the American family, men are becoming optional, only if who nevertheless remain attractive.

women, despite the fact that we apparently cannot be trusted in relationships or even keep our feet off the sofa in the homes we share with women who may or may not love us. Today's feminism seems bent not on enhancing equality between the sexes but on ensuring that women rise above perceived oppression by the knuckle-draggers they "love."

—ROBERT NICHOL
Middletown, N.J.

I Dream of E. Jeanie

THOUGH IT SHOULD BE KNOWN that as a freshman at Indiana University, I attended Jeanne Carroll's dorm room on the fourth floor of Reed Center, the room in which the Van American fell asleep ("Loves of My Life," by E. Jean Carroll, June). The older girl came down to tell me about it the day I moved in. Even Carroll herself was a legend. They said she wore "jeans so tight she had to lie down on the bed to get them on" and for some reason didn't bother with those-pair "trunks" a daisy between her toes and "wore off" An art major from Ohio, she was (increased)

—SAMUEL DUTTON
East Norwich, N. Y.

Women on Top

HEAD **MARY BREDIN'S** "By Love Depressed" (June) on the eve of arriving at another year's end (and last) of the season. The article is the blindest thing I've read recently on relations between the sexes—and disgustingly so, except for figures only Bredin has the balls to tell us it really is. When a man's life expectancy and chances of walking away from a breakup intact match pretty well with a woman's, then maybe I'll believe the sexes are equal. Until then, women have the stronger hand, which they kindly use to wield sharp instruments on our tenderest parts. Does she or doesn't she like hell she does.

—FRANK YACENGA
Silver Spring, Md.

JIMMY BRESLIN "proves" that men are the weaker sex! Just imagine how sexist that would look on the cover of a women's magazine! JIMMY BRESLIN PROVES THAT WOMEN ARE THE WEAKER SEX. Men are tired of taking





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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

backed to women? This is the reaction, the vote is in. Men see things as they are, and they are no longer second-class.

—STEVEN ROSENBAUM

Mass N.Y.

White Noise

RON ROSENBAUM, who wrote "The Revolt of the Basketball Liberals" (June), discusses all of the hard work, intelligence, and emotion put into the game by players of both races when he dishes up that old garbage about black basketball (individual, emotional, emotional) versus white basketball (team oriented, learned, disciplined). In addition, he ignores the fact that many of the game's greatest black stars—Coxey, Russell, Kareem, and, in many ways, Magic—played an incredibly useful (i.e., white) game.

—JIM VILAR

Mass. Mass.

THE UNDISCOVERED SECRET is out. White America is beginning to turn on basketball, as eloquently described by Ron Rosenbaum. And the turning has nothing racial overtones. I would also add that professional hockey is fast becoming the white man's game. During the past year, many sports magazines have defended hockey players and scolded basketball players, and we all know who primarily plays hockey. Applause to Mr. Rosenbaum for speaking out.

—FRED JOHNSON

Mass. Mass.

I AM GLAD TO SEE BLACK BEGINNING to speak out against the superiority of the "white talk" ethos, more should do so. If sportsmanship comes to be defined as white and truth telling as black, it will be the black community that loses. Perhaps, in a few years, black intellectuals will complain that whites have appropriated that positive value. If so, they will have only themselves and people like Mr. Rosenbaum to blame. Once again, whose folk will have kept the best staff for themselves.

—JERALD E. FORD

Providence, N.J.

WHAT ROSENBAUM LEAPED OUT OF his comment, in-your-face-whiny durrrie is that basketball is first and foremost a team game and that in-

dividual artistry is a degeneration from its essence. I admit that watching a player fly through the air and jam the ball home with grace and power is an awesome sight, but it's not nearly as breathtaking as a persistent outlier pass or a beautifully executed fast break. If that makes me guilty of being a parent, then so be it.

—ROBERT ANHOUSE

New York N.Y.

Yo, Ron-boy. Got two words for you, bro. Ret Maravich.

—MICHAEL GILMARIN

Omaha, N.Y.

IT IS AN AXIOM of social development that as the effort required to achieve life's necessities decreases, the opportunity to pursue hobbies increases. The analogy to basketball is that as the size and sophistication of black players has made a career to achieve the game's necessity (earning), the luxury of style has flourished. Unfortunately, too much luxury always leads to decadence. Raise the NBA basket to ten foot eight inches or maybe even eleven feet. That will give some meaning to recess that even a basketball liberal could love.

—TOM STROUD

Washington, N.C.

Bad Sports

NOTED THE DEAN AUSTIN ("And the Loser Is..." [June]) on industrial strength, beer-fueled obscenities sports characters, maybe a quasi-sports-themed quest will follow them the rest of their days.

—JOAN MARY MACKEY

Singapore N.Y.

I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING that if Lawrence Taylor had played his entire career in 1982 Tampa or Kansas City, Mr. Lapca would not deem him "the best defensive player who ever lived." Please add to your list of the most overrated people in sports the unfortunately reborn New York "thunder," Mike Lapca.

—JOHN JACQUES

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Let me be the other should be noted in "The Sound and the Fury" (June), 1982 film. Flyright from New York, N.Y. since it is an act to be noted in the magazine. (Include your full name, address, and phone number.) Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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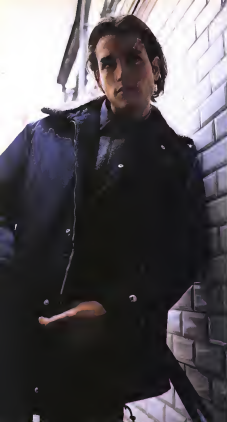
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Michael Gross



Mark Kram



Phil Caputo



John Taylor



Nick Burchby



John Taylor

FROM THE MOMENT he saved his father's coffin in 1965, John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr. has been guarded by what senior writer **Michael Gross** calls the "corde" Kennedy. Relatives, friends, even the managers he rollerbladed past on the streets of New York, all want to protect America's putative crown prince.

But with the publication this month of his new political magazine, *Grove*, JFK Jr. steps beyond that layer of privacy and joins the very medium he has fought so hard to elude ("Citizen Kennedy," page 88). Gross—whose best-selling book, *Model: The Ugly Business of Beautiful Women* (William Morrow), was recently criticized by Turner Pictures for producer *Dawn Steel*—says that "most of John's friends remain as protective as ever. They clearly enjoy the proximity but also the housing potential. But if they look too much, they lose the proximity."

Gross remembers the first time he got near JFK Jr.: "It was 1965, and I was on a shuttle to Washington," he recalls. "They held the plane so that Jackie and he could board. When they disembarked, John left his middle school notebook on the seat, and I ran after them to return it."

In the end, Gross says of John and George, "this is a very private man taking a very public risk."

"MAINE TRAINING WAS HARD," says contributing editor and ex-elite lieutenant **Philip Caputo**, "but army-singer training is the most difficult of all the U.S. armed services—maybe in all the world." In his three months of investigative reporting ("The Black Badge of Courage," page 58), Caputo managed to breach the official Army line in order to reveal how the four young soldiers who died in a field exercise in a Florida swamp need not have perished at all. Caputo is the author of the seminal Vietnam memoir *A Rumor of War*. He says that just walking through the swamp was enough for him: "It's too much for a fifty-four-year-old guy. I assure you, I wouldn't last five minutes. I don't need to swim with alligators and crocodonmouth snakes." Caputo's fourth novel, *Signatures for Paul*, will be published by HarperCollins next year.

British senior **Nick Burchby** makes his American Esquire debut with "The Revlon Menable" (page 92), an essay from his first novel, *High Fidelity*, which will be published this month by Riverhead Books. In its fearless embrace of sexual incompetence, it has already drawn comparison to Frederick Buefy's classic celebration of failure, *A Fish Named Morley*'s last book, *Free Radix*, at a

moment of his (obsessive) love affair with soccer. "In that book, I didn't have to invent the awkward moments," says the thirty-eight-year-old Morley. "I lived them."

In "Brother, Can You Spare a Billion?" (page 124), **Neil Gaiman** builds the case for Hollywood as the ultimate well-oiled state. "Hollywood has always been about money, but in the old days, money and passion went not mutually exclusive," says Gaiman, author of *Imp of the Perverse*, a history of the golden age of the film industry, and the acclaimed biography *Witchel*, out soon in paperback from Vintage.

With his profile of New England Patriots coach Bill Parcells ("Jersey Guy," page 142), contributing editor **Mark Kram** completes a trilogy of NFL-mouth analyses that began with Jerry Glavin ("October 1990") and Buddy Ryan ("October 1994"). Kram, who was a senior writer at *Sports Illustrated* for many years, says, "Glavin is a guy who, if your car broke down on a lonely road, you'd want him with you. Buddy is someone you'd like next to you if you were going down a dark alley. Parcells, though, is the kind of guy you'd like to sit around and have a beer with."

Those men who still believe it's the size of the ship and not the margin of the ocean will likely be paying a visit to Dr. Melvyn Rosenbaum or any one of the other doctors who perform penis enlargements. Senior writer **John Taylor** goes the distance in "The Long, Hard Days of Dr. Dick" (page 120). "Some men get obsessed with it," Taylor says of the augmentation surgery, "and go back for a second and third time to get that JCM." But, Taylor adds, winking smugly into the juke, "for most of the patients who go through with it, the size issue is all in the head." Taylor says he is not making up for any procedures, but he did ask us to make his article a little longer. ■

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Since she can carry a tune, but can **Burke** **Strainand** edit? The singer-director-actress-advisor may get the chance to find out. A source says she is interested in buying *The New Republic*.

Although the magazine is not officially for sale, editor in chief and owner **Martin Peretz** occasionally gets fed up with the headaches brought on by the weekly, which has recently endured several controversies, including the Jeff Gave debate. **Michael Lewis's** ode to his wife's butt, and snooty editor **Keith Shultz's** being accused of plagiarism in two of her *New Republic* pieces (Shultz claims computer error in both instances.) **Stre-**

and herself attacked the magazine in her speech at Harvard earlier this year.

"Peretz may not part with it, but he certainly owns it," says the source. "Burke's been calling friends, asking, 'Should I buy *The New Republic*?'"

"It's not for sale," Peretz says. "I'm having too much fun. Of course, if I could charge a **Babe** **Strainand**-type price."

It's not surprising, though, that **Strainand** would be interested in *The New Republic*. After all, the entrepreneur's interests into political journalism have thus far been filled with a few potshots. **Strainand**—who, when getting her apartment redone not long ago, told the designers to "make it look like the

White House"—has been schmoozing a lot these days with several key players at *The New York Times*, which has been known to her pal President Clinton. In May, for instance, she was asked by *Time* political writer **Thad E. Pridemore** to be his guest at the White House Correspondents dinner. (She is also said to have had an invitation from CNN's **Wolf Blitzer**.) **Strainand** eventually declined because the *Times* would not spring for the bodyguards she requested, but she later had a copy of the record conversation with **Pridemore** at the Jefferson Hotel, along with the *Times's* Washington news editor, **Andrew**

Strategy

Powell Power

His wasn't afraid of **Clinton**, but **Gina Powell** gets downright weak-kneed when it comes to his wife, **Alina**. Powell decided months ago to run for president on the Republican ticket, says a Washington insider, but **Alina** did not want her husband to run. And **Gina Powell** has said (and she will not sell either without **Alina's** blessing. Some politicians and their

views have already called **Alina**, pleading with her to change her mind, says the source, but so far no avail. Though a source close to the **Powells** was recently quoted as saying, "I elected, [Alina] will serve," another source says that "the idea of being thrown in the public eye makes her very uncomfortable."



The real general

Pharmaceuticals

Courtney in Nirvana

It's not **Courtney Love's** fault that she's a drug addict—she's her therapist. The grungy singer has told friends that she is using a former psychiatrist for getting her hooked on prescription drugs. Love's spokeswoman says she knows nothing of the story. "In the early eighties, there were a bunch of music releases that were popular," says a music-industry source. "Courtney had



Clean and sober.

a fondness for them, so did some of her friends. She went to a psychiatrist who prescribed them, and she developed a habit. Now she says she's using."

Punch

Poor Bill Gates

Being the richest human on the planet just isn't enough to make some guys happy. Microsoft chairman **Bill Gates** was no upset by *Time* magazine's recent profile of him that he called to interfere with *Time* editor in chief **Norman Pearlstine**. Gates came across as too tempered in a short Q&A segment the magazine ran from a lengthy interview. "He spent much of



Gates: *Time's* Unhappiest Man of the Year.

the two-hour interview screaming," says one source. "He violated the first rule of politeness and captured of industry: Never pick a fight with someone who buys into by the

buried." *Time* ultimately ran a letter from Gates, and so now the billionaire can go back to worrying about the little things—like, say, the IBM-Louis merger.



Strainand: The way she will be?

Reinhold, and bureau chief **B. W. Johnson** Apple. (Pridemore, by the way, has moved beyond **Strainand** and is now former White House spokeswoman **Donna Moore's** designated driver.) In all, says the

source, "Strainand's following **Paul Newman's** lead. He invented *The Usual*. It's a way for a rich celebrity to become involved in politics without the nasty business of having to get elected."

And Barry Williams Recommends ...



WHAT KIND of guy not only admits to having read *The Bridges of Madison County* but lets it in as one of the most influential books he's ever read? According to *People* (February 1996), **People** (February 1996).

edited by Kevin H. Kelly, singer **Clay Aiken** is more enough to name the **Robert James Walker** classic. Kelly begins the project in 1990 as a sophomore at San Diego State University and got **Tom Cruise**, for example.

to say that he was knocked out by *The Day of the Jackal*. And Senator **Phil Gramm** admitted that what moved him was *Frederick Hayek's The Road to Serfdom* (telling us something with that title, Phil). Some people—

movie **Tom Cruise**, actor **Mark Wahlberg**, and *Body and Soul* star **Barry Williams** (left)—moderately rated their own books. See how well you know other people's reading tastes.

Which of the following was not listed as a favorite book by...



1. Tony Bennett
- (a) 199 Days of Sodom
- (b) Story of O
- (c) The Joy of Sex
- (d) The Out on the Hat



2. Glenn Swenson
- (a) The Sensual Sea
- (b) Backlash
- (c) Little Women
- (d) The Color Purple



3. David Drake
- (a) The Origins of Species
- (b) Deconstructing de Anvarina
- (c) JMSH
- (d) Black Like Me

4. Which of the following did not list *The Catcher in the Rye*?



- (a) Larry King
- (b) Rudy Bernardson
- (c) Bob Costas
- (d) Bob Berry

5. Which of the following did not list *The Bible*?



- (a) Jesse Helms
- (b) Lou Holtz
- (c) George Bush
- (d) Bobo Leach

Reality Check

ONE TRICK

Somewhere, Richard Nixon Is Laughing

It's a good thing actor **Ron Silver** didn't negotiate for the United States during the cold war. Silver, who has been cast as **Henry Kissinger**

about anyway and scheduled lunch at New York's Four Seasons restaurant with **Richard Nixon's** former

Over lunch, Kissinger told Silver that he'd like to see him out and might even be willing to show him a few classified documents that would give him some character insight, says the insider. But first, Kissinger said, he would need to see the script to know which classified papers would be most relevant. Soundless like Silver, as he handed over the script. But instead of top-secret documents, Silver received a thirty-two-page letter threatening to stop the film.

"The producers were nervous," says the source. "[Silver] almost got fired." But **Ted Turner**, who is producing the film, is committed to going ahead with the actor, who, in a way did get a valuable insight into Kissinger's personality. He's still crafty after all these years.



Kissinger: He's still got the old nerve.

in an upcoming TNT film based on **Walter Isaacson's** 1999 biography wanted to meet with the former secretary of state to study his character. He was warned against it, says a source, because Kissinger was upset by the best-selling book and not exactly thrilled by the idea of a movie. But the over-the-hill Silver wasn't

Moonlighting

Prez Paid for Sax!

Their saxophone playing is finally paying off for **Bob Clinton**. The president, who is trying to raise a million for the Whitewater-defense bill, has received a few saxophone

tips from such notables as **Garrison Keillor** and **Sean Penn**. But when showed up from an unconventional source: the musical Chinese was paid for



Practice, practice, practice.

his sax on *gig* on *The Arsenio Hall Show*. Could be a fall-back career.

Virtual Reality Check

Nice Baud!

As **Sandra James** you will be happy to mention, finding pornography is not a simple task. But what can you do to find a new attraction? The World Wide Web? Rob Tappin has the solution: **Babes on the Web** (<http://www.babesonweb.com>). **BABES** (<http://www.babesonweb.com>) began in early May, the notorious BOFWists more than 50 women web-pictures on their home pages and notes from based on their photos from the "check up" (Check leaves the interpretation up to the viewer), according to the very scientific "Tappin Scale."

Two of the most unlikely women included in BOFW are **National Organization for Women** president **Peter A. Hall** (<http://www.dogwebbites.com>)



Ireland: Major babe.

and **Colorado** "Krisberg" (<http://www.babesonweb.com>), which offers a tasty array of home pages featuring men. Love Babes on the Web or hate it, the twenty-seven-year-old Tappin is clearly on to something. "If the CAO [Colorado Accounting Office] accounted for all the employees who have visited the site," he says, "they would see it would have cost the country more than \$1 million."

To get back at Tappin for not including her in BOFW, **Blake Kristberg**, a twenty-four-year-old law student at the University of Colorado at Boulder, has created an equally amusing site, **Boys on the Web** (<http://www.boysonweb.com>).

TOURISIE
ON THE SCALE

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MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

RELICS

Rock's Resting Place

SAVING grates on-stage was once a sign of rock 'n' roll's insurgency, saving these signals as re-enactment. That's why a museum full of guitars and costumes and personal effects is a dangerous proposition. Which may be why the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum has had such a difficult govtion. It takes monumentalizing a living and rebellious art-world making a lot of us feel old.

There was the choice of artifacts—I M 70, museum.

builder for the Enshlshment, when what seemed called for was Frank Gehry and Claes Oldenburg. There was the location, in Cleveland, whose claim on rock's memory clung to the thin red of Alvin Ford. But somehow it has come together inside the new museum, which opens on September 1, you find ideas that both excited and made the very idea of rock—John Lennon's Sgt. Pepper outfit or the scrawled lyrics of John Mandara's

"Purple Haze" apparently re-created from the garage and unscrupled, now as venerable as the true cross.

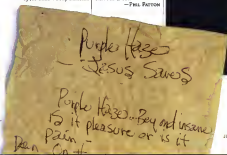
Among the museum is a full range of high-tech, high-touch interactive displays that bring back the dead and remind us that the art has produced a sufficiency of martyrs to outfit a church. But it falls to the holy music objects to somehow convey how *purple* and radio, TV and MTV—the modern media, in short—created a new form of art. To look, say, at the last-1966 hollow-body National

electric on which Elmore James played a dozen versions of "Dust My Broom," with its worn wood and corroded metal pickup, is to contemplate the moment when a new energy fused older forms of music into a new one-like the moment the electrodes were applied to the head of Dr. Frankenstein's creation—when the electrodes of commerce were dropped into a primal American broth of blues and folk, Cleared and poped, and brought to life the glorious, unrepeatable moment we call rock 'n' roll.

—PHIL PATTON



JOHN LENNON'S SPECTACLES
CIRCA 1968



ELMORE JAMES'S
NATIONAL GUITAR
LATE 1960s

JIMI HENDRIX'S GUITAR,
CIRCA 1967

NEW WRITING

Madmen and Martyrs

IT ISN'T FAIRTY 30 think that the lines separating madmen and liberators, martyrs and murderers, are as liquid as they eb and flow with the currents of history—but, of course, they do. The historical reputation is all in the telling.

The bombing in Oklahoma City was greeted with horror, but in other times and places, such acts have served as the first step toward becoming prime minister.

In *Rising Holy Hell*, as electrifying first novel by Bruce Olds (Henry Hall),

we are presented a portrait of one of America's most spin-doctored terrorists. John Brown was an ardent abolitionist and, as such, was squarely on the right side of history but he was also a religious fanatic, an ascetic, a flagellant, a social con-

science, and a cold-blooded murderer who, in the name of ending slavery, killed a lot of men who themselves owned no one. Still, after his disarmingly bloody raid on Harpers Ferry, he was hoisted throughout the North, and within two years, the Union Army marched to battle ringing his name.

Olds incorporates his narrative with passages of redemptory quotations, and

journalism, which acutely place the madman Brown in the even more insane context of his time, when even those who opposed slavery often found it politically expedient to allow it to continue. So ingrained was the system that only a madman would try to upset it.

Rising Holy Hell is a gripping novel, but if you like your history straight, *The Secret Sin*, by Edward J. Renschman Jr. (Crowd), is an excellent companion. It tells the

story of the six prominent, wealthy abolitionists who financed Brown's raid and who abandoned him when things got ugly. *Hidden Book* would be perfect on those autumn evenings when one likes to curl up before the fire and contemplate corruption, madness, cowardice, brutality and the little moral stories of life.

—JAMES MALANOWSKI

John Brown: Savage of slavery—and England.





CHAPS
RALPH LAUREN

The Spirited Tradition



MOVIES

Irish Guys Are Smiling

THE SMALL-SCREEN TV IS NOT A friend to the average Joe. It wouldn't be too much to say that the bohemian intelligentsia and the cultural elite who, as the man, make these movies are not drawn to stories about young, straight, middle-class white men. In a word, about Guys. For those filmmakers who see, in fact, Guys, the recent genre plan has been to skip when-ritual autobiography in favor of some knowing, hyperactive, postmodern Irish. Or it was, and this year's Sundance Film Festival, where the top prize went to *The Broken Heart*, a beguiling movie about three scamp-



At home in Goyraile: Director Burns (center) genders people like him.

young Irish American brothers sitting around the family home on Long Island, talking about women and drinking a lot of beer. It's the kind of movie that ends with Barry M. holding goodbye to his youngest sibling, Patrick, off to California to begin a new life. "A handshake will do for me, bratcakes."

Edward Burns, proud son of the Long Island bubble, is the shaggy-dog character who plays Barry and who wrote and directed the movie. Says Burns of his recreation, "I couldn't remember the last time I had seen a film where I thought, 'I could not myself hang in' with these guys." Other young filmmakers are making movies, post-culture films, and I don't know these factors' characters, and I don't want to know them."

So Guys have taken back indie cinema, and nothing wrong with that. If, like Burns, they have the rhizoid wit to boot a winning movie out of nothing but good talk about God, gods, and gods (you'll love with you, can't live without 'em)—a down-to-earth My Dinner with Andre that might have been titled *My Sex Bratcakes with Barry*.

—JOSEPH ROOPERS

MEDIA

Toe-to-toe with Regis

IF I COULD BE half what he is," David Letterman once told Bill Zehe, with all the staccato he could muster, "I wouldn't have a core in the world." He was speaking of Regis Philbin, the man behind these remarkable feet. For a year, our man Zehe has faithfully sat at these feet, like a reptile bowed. It wasn't as bad as you might think. As for go, they are truly gorgeous, as their owner will point out.

"You right," he beams. "To-see? Smooth? Beautiful?" Zehe owes it all to us. Last June, he profiled the eternally aggrieved talk-show legend, who will cannot fashion that his face did not grace our cover. "What a mistake!" he has bellowed ever since. Now, as never before, you, too, can feel his comic pain as he and Zehe chronicle each new and horrible thing that befalls him, suggesting memorials of every other antique he has ever endured. For

months, Zehe begged him to come clean about his famous 1966 wall-off at Jaye Rebo's bedside. "Do we have to?" he complained—but the long-haired tale finally emerged, as do many delightful Reboe Lee-handling tips. This yearlong diary of the most put-upon man on earth burns forth this month from Hyperion Press, suitably titled *I'm Only One Man*. Zehe helped Philbin in box he could, but even he is only one man, man or less.



Perfect toe: Philbin's delight.



Back to cool: Jazz baby boomers (left to right) Elvin Hargis, Kevin Hays, Tim Hagans, Javon Jackson, Marcus Printup, Gert Albin, Joe Lovano, and Jacky Terrasson



LEGACY

Our New Jazz Age

YOU CAN look it up. In 1934, *Esquire* published the first article about jazz in a mainstream American magazine. Guided by the jazz enthusiasts of founding editor Arnold Gingrich, *Esquire* in the 1940s conducted all-star jazz polls, then produced the concerts and the records to give the stars voice.

Of course, enduring magazines are opportunistic, not resistant. And in the

1960s, when rock displaced everything that wasn't rock from popular consciousness, *Esquire's* pretty much secured itself from the jazz side. To its credit, jazz didn't die from embarrassment, and in today's more pluralistic music world, it has attracted copious dollars, a legion of hard-core new stars, even some wayward old friends.

This month, we lead our good jazz reader to the *Esquire* Jazz Collection, four CD anthologies by Blue Note, a label that, in jazz circles, has an even better name

The Blue Note pedigree is laid out in the two retrospective CDs. *The Best of the Best*, a pleasurable dip into jazz vocalists from Billie Holiday to Billy Eckstine, and, more substantially, *Toward the Light*, a survey of artists like Herbie Hancock and Joe Henderson, who put Blue Note's stamp on the hard bop of the early 1960s. *Common Tonic* is for fans of the "conscious" pop/jazz idiom, embraced by the presence of Camelon Wilson, whose sultry songs are thankfully beyond category. But *Breakthrough* is the collection's main course, the best from Blue Note's roster of young, "intuitive ahead" jazz talent. Javon Jackson, ac-

knowing his script and tony emotions, taps into hard-bop feeling with the deep, moosey sound of his tenor sax. Performer Jacqui Terrian is by contrast a nervous case, but a beautiful one, slinking a song's rhythm and melodic line into lustrous slurs. Because Joe Lovano offers up the album's standout cut, "Angel Eyes," from Rush Hour, his collaboration with celebrated composer Gunther Schuller. Lovano's passionate blowing rips a symphony string section of all vestiges of classical decency.

As Esquire, we remember why we still care about jazz, all over again.

—JOHN HOOPER



YVES SAINT LAURENT

pour homme

RESTAURANTS

John Mariani

The Next Tex-Mex

A CENTURY AGO, Stephen Crane wrote about Americans' "profound affection" for San Antonio, which seemed to symbolize "the poetry of life in Texas"—a poetry that's still palpable in the echoing ruins of the Alamo, the crazy corners of the Paseo del Rio, the Mayan-inspired art-deco architecture, and the pastel-colored cottages and isopetros that dot the town. The best and most evocative of these is El Mirador (700 South St. Mary's Street, 210-225-9444), where for three decades Maria Trevino and her family have set a standard with some of the most visually authentic Mexican food this side of the Rio Grande.

Like Family: Diana Maria Trevino, chef El Mirador.



At breakfast, the aquea little structure, with its burnished-colored walls and Frisco Radio posters, is garnished with people digging into fluffy buxaco rancheros sprinkled with crisp chileques, dark, rich mole of slowly cooked eggs, fresh chorizo, and a dried beef called machade. At lunch, they feast on the daily specials: albondigas on Mondays, cecina on Tuesdays, enchiladas on note on Wednesdays, legar on Thursdays, and carne asada on Fridays. On Saturday mornings, you can hardly get near the door, because the locals line up like pointers. For Maria's magnificent chile-laced chicken-and-vegetable soups—which are considered as nutritious to the body as Saturday confession—is to the soul.

Until this year, El Mirador closed after hours. So it was quite a leap of faith when Maria, her son, Julian, and his wife, Diana, decided to have one of the most exciting young chefs in Texas, Ric Gonzalez, to create a dinner menu marrying San Antonio's Mexican-food culture to the ranch-house-grill traditions of his native state.

Born in Huntington, moved at his family's cafe, and raised in Dallas's Mexican on Turtle Creek, Gonzalez is a master of his region's food. He'll throw a thick, flavorful veal chop on the fire, cook



it until pink, then top it with a broody sauce vibrant with roasted paprika, chiles, and pecans. He'll grill a Mexican favorite like cordero (lamb goat) and serve it with frijoles (not "refried") black beans pumped full of garlic and onions, "cowgirl style"—as well as Mexican rice and chunky avocado salsa. He picks garnishes with spicy onion sauce and sprouts his own fragrant chicken soup with a shot of tangy lime.

Gonzalez gets his vegetables and herbs from a garden two blocks away, and their freshness magnifies every flavor in dishes such as his sautéed shrimp sizzling in mojo de ajo sauce or his signature duck—a ruby-red trout marinated "Tucson style" with garlic and herbs, then grilled and served with avocado-and-cornmeal salsa. Mexican squash stuffed with

San Antonio again: Chicken soup her way, his shrimp in sizzling mojo de ajo sauce.

roasted corn, and potatoes showered with cilantro.

Gonzalez's lessons go way beyond the drying jellies and custards of most Mexican eateries. From a taco shell, he shapes a Monterrey-style mole glugged full of quoniam dressed with nutmeg, horseradish, and his raspberry-and-garlic sauce. He does it clean and tall, also a spicy soup. But even Gonzalez can't top the red-yeast flax cooked up fresh every day by Diana Trevino's eight-year-old son, Queta.

It is this incredible sense of tradition that makes El Mirador part of the "poetry of life" in San Antonio, but it is Ric Gonzalez's food that is pioneering what might well be called the New Tex-Mex. ■



Contadina. Why ravioli were meant to be eaten one at a time.

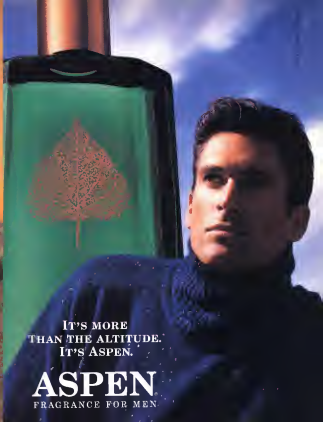


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ASPEN
FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

The New Dubliners

In Europe, bohemians are fast acquiring an Irish brogue. The homeowners of Dublin, Belfast, and Bonn are catching on to the cultural posturing. Dubliners, with a remarkable interest in all things Irish, are the style arbiters, and their bohemian turf is the neighborhood known as Temple Bar. As Ireland becomes a

tourist neighborhood from becoming a creative one, the neighborhood is fast becoming a creative one. Consider that, until recently, Temple Bar was to be found mostly in the form of a nineteenth-century bus depot. Fortunately, big projects have a way of stalling out in 1990s Dublin. As space became available under cheap short-term leases, a crop of creative but cash-poor entrepreneurs swaggered in, setting up trendy art galleries and vintage-clothing shops. Behind colorful old storefronts, new careers blossomed. Led by the Red Bus Café (still there, still with street cred to burn), Out of a building sense of community grew a crusade to reclaim the district, and a grassroots movement convinced Dublin's officialdom that the arts were better suited to be a corner of cultural activity than carbon monoxide. Then, four years ago, legislation was passed to protect and restore Temple Bar—thus sealing its fate as the new hub of bohemian hipness.

—SUSANNE KELLEHER

Irish bohemia: The Temple Bar district is on a roll.

voguish location for film and fashion shoots, Temple Bar's creative policy is underpinned by the homegrown celebration (aka Social Club) where, Jim Sheridan and five-foot-out-of-nowhere (Nancy Carroll, Ron Wood, Daryl Day-Lewis) now roaming the maze of cobblestone streets.

Temple Bar's uniqueness and geography—on high the Liffey's south quay—may invite likenings to another Left Bank, but history defies such tidy comparisons. A more apt one might be Manhattan's SoHo, where loft-dwelling artists saved



Where to Eat

O'Flaherty's Kerry House (28-31 Temple Bar) The Irish grandmaster never served body (but he did open restaurants) like this—sprawled with filigree (best reserved as a breakfast, chicken in Irish Mince, big with film and rock connections, but by no means pretentious). The seating room is the pub across the street.

Les Frères Jacques (74 Dame Street) One of Dublin's best French restaurants, deservedly fashionable with ladies. Book on weekends.



Where to Hang Out

The Joy of Coffee (25 East Essex Street) This cool gallery/café showcases Rosita O'Leary's classy photos (found and on postcards)—which you can write, stamp, and post in the on-site mailbox as you leave.

The Newmans (29 East Essex Street) and **The Temple Bar** (46 Temple Bar) These pubs are full of polished whiskey and down a ton of carefully selected pastries, action, and theologists.

What's on After Dark

The Temple Theatre (72 Dame Street) A theater within an underground complex—at midnight it turns into a venue for international rock acts.

The Knicker The white-hot after-hours club at the Clarence Hotel's basement, where the music rocks and beautiful people dance and exchange vitriol into the wee hours.

Where to Stay

The Clarence Hotel (45-46 Wellington Quay) When the low-cost Irish collectively known as U2 bought this hotel, it was a digital, Old World moment in time of a full-on. After extensive renovation, the Clarence regains this full-on bed because Temple Bar's only five-star hotel.

The Temple Bar Hotel (14-17 Fleet Street) An excellent mid-range choice. Boutique-style, with 100 tastefully decorated rooms, a stylish restaurant, and a friendly professional staff.

What to Buy

Designart (12 East Essex Street) If you've seen it elsewhere, it's not here. One-of-a-kind, high-quality glass, ceramics, and jewelry.

Chalkboard Records (2 Cecilia Street) For the genuine article in Irish traditional music.

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Walter Shapiro

The Anti-Dole

In the race to capture the hearts and minds of Republicans, Pat Buchanan has all the right moves

NEW HAMPSHIRE IS the American version of Bragdon, a semimythical place that springs into existence every four years for the sole purpose of holding a presidential primary. On a dazzling Fourth of July morning, the self-consciously quaint town of Amherst, New Hampshire, was transformed into a rock-ribbed Republican theme park with virtually every tree proclaiming its political allegiance with a Dole, Gonzalez, or Buchanan poster. The three primary favorites were on hand to add presidential politics to the pageantry of a patriotic parade.

With Bob Dole dominating the national polls like Luch Wilems, the GOP race at this early stage has become a contest to see which long-shot guy is to be anointed as the conservative alternative, the anti-Dole. Lamar Alexander probably peered back in February when he declared his candidacy wearing a my-campaign-consists-of-my-wardrobe flannel shirt. Phil Gonzalez may still boast "the best friend you can have is politics-ready money," but his campaign is as far as well, the bitter hero of Jack Bay Wilems. Suddenly, emerging through the cross fire comes Mr. Culture, Wilems himself, Pat Buchanan. Noble, sophisticated, fire-breathing culture man, and TV talk-show host, the bohemian but without a moment of George Bush-like any by Republican who makes News Gingrich look like a card-carrying member of the "Inland Commission."

Buchanan's sudden emergence as the star of *Beyond the Border* was the summer's hottest political story. So as the parade begins, I pointed to talk with Ron and Maria Cornman, who were clustered, along with their five small children, around two overcast Buchanan placards. The Cornmans (he's a welder, she's a



homemaker) had voted for Buchanan in 1992 because as Ron put it, "I think he's the only true conservative." Maria, visibly pregnant, chimed in, "Pat's the only one who's truly pro-life."

I felt as if I had blundered into a campaign commercial, especially when the pre-life crusader himself wandered along, longer-than-life, to shake hands with adoring Cornmans. Wearing an open-necked blue dress shirt, tan slacks, and a forget-to-poke anything else black knit-up shirt, the fifty-six-year-old Buchanan comes across in person as a sad-eyed everyman, a carbon copy of those aging sales reps you see when you fly coach who are always trying to cram bulging sample cases into overhead bins. But it is Buchanan's high-pitched twang that makes him instantly recognizable from *Confessions* and the 1992 campaign—a fine whine always poised to explode into blasts of outrage.

Standing Pat Above, strolling south in New Hampshire. Below, the Buchananite political shenanigans, of course, observed by the flag.



A small confession: The Cornmans were the first voters I had interviewed since Election Day 1992. This is an occupational hazard of living among the chattering classes in Washington and New York. So I stayed behind to try to understand Buchanan's fervent followers as the parade passed me by. The Cornmans, it turned out, had just moved over the line from Massachusetts. "High taxes got to you?" I asked smugly. "No, we just wanted out of the Massachusetts school system,"



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Ron explained: "We didn't want them coming out education down my son's throat at age eleven." I struggled to look sympathetic, inquiring how their children liked their new public schools. "We're home-schooling them," Matt said proudly.

This was my introduction to the weekly world of right-wing New Hampshire politics. Next year is shaping up as a primary in which the old-fashioned economic conservatives, the ones who don't worry about black helicopters hovering over Mount Washington, are the new GOP moderate. A conservative pig roast that afternoon on a lush farmstead in Durham like flyers promised "local portions," but, trust me, Republicans don't know the meaning of the L-word! Bubbling with more dark broodings than any other Senate campaign conference I arrived just in time to hear Governor's renowned cadence: "The able-bodied men and women on welfare will have to get out of the wagon and help the rest of us pull!" But this was a prefilled ham sandwich compared with the fresh off the bone meat of the Bob Dornan stump speech. The perpetually angry, red-haired, nose-ween California congressman—my roommate at the presidential candidate meet in need of Proust—gloriously denounced Iowa senator Tom Harkin as "a Marxist creep" and threatened to bolt the party if a pro-choice Republican ended up anywhere on the ticket.

Buchanan, next up, paid effusive tribute to this explosive warm-up act: "If I were in the Congress of the United States, I would have a voting record just like Bob Dornan's!" Then, without mentioning Ronald Reagan, although the comparison was obvious, the stand-Pat candidate pledged, "If I get to the Oval Office, and I intend to do it, I will be the most pro-life president in the history of the American Republic."

But the lay to Buchanan's current appeal lies in the awful way he invokes the senator from banking just beyond America's shores: "I see our independence, I see our sovereignty, being lost piece by piece to the marauders of the globalist New World Order," Buchanan declared, pumping his fists for emphasis. "The UN—a loud chorus of boos—the World Trade Organization, the IMF, the World Bank." (Somehow, he forgot the International Red Cross.)

Buchanan's uncompromising America First worldview can conjure up ugly memories of Charles Lindbergh cooing up to Hitler in the 1930s, of Joe McCarthy in the 1950s. But it also is the lure to the most responsible Republican tradition of sane skepticism and Clare Boothe Luce's spare attacks on postwar Democratic "globalism." That's the central engine to Buchanan: Is he dangerously trifling with the conspiratorial Right or merely, as I suspect, relishing his maverick role while keeping one foot planted safely within the Washington media establishment?

MAYBE I'VE COVERED too many campaigns, but sometimes I sink into a black hole of despair because of the synthetic nature of modern politics. Just imagine the number of consultants, strategy sessions, and polls required before Dole gave his speech denouncing Hollywood movies produced by Democrats. You can imagine Dole's thought process: "Not a bad cause, helps with the Christian Right, Liddy's for it, won't tie my hands as president Bush, sure." But it never even occurred to Dole that he might want to see movies like *Pulp Fiction* before he denounced them, that's what you have said for Clinton, if anything, it seems with his turning of political coins.

Before this campaign is over the president will probably even bring Ed Bradley into the White House. So forgive my apostasy when I confess a smidgen admiration for the way Buchanan is trying to change the rules on how to run for president. As in 1991, his sister, Ray Buchanan, is the campaign manager, and they have yet to hire a pollster. But they bristled when I likened their head-on-and-steady act to Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney putting on a Hollywood musical. "We're not actresses," they snapped, pointing out how low-pedigree dates back to the 1930s Nixon campaign. This is not a client to anyone," Ray said proudly. "Pat is a cause."

Buchanan may be a demagogue, but he's not a hypocrite. If he sometimes says alarming things (Capitol Hill is "half-occupied territory"), it's because he believes them. *The Holloman Diaries*, published last year, shows how little Buchanan's in-your-face style has changed in twenty-five years. Nixon's dual of soul goes to his job at the young

conservative speechwriter: "Pat Buchanan had his first meeting with P [Nixon] this afternoon, and discovered when he left after an hour's session about poets and TV briefings that his fly was open." But more typical are entries like "Considerable discussion of Buchanan's idea of VP [Spartan Agnew] during a major speech blasting network conventions" and Buchanan saying Nixon to "let it harder and show real anger regarding the demonstrators." In early 1971, Buchanan came close to resigning over a point of principle—his dispute with Nixon's rapprochement with communist China. As Holloman writes, "The fact he's got to be his own man."

Back in 1991, Buchanan showed up twenty minutes late for a New Hampshire press conference, explaining that "my computer got my opening statement and I had to rewrite it." Can you imagine Phil Gramm harked over his PC, searching for the perfect metaphor? No other major politician in half a century has composed his own speeches, not even the sainted Adlai Stevenson. Words are the weapons of politics, and I can respect a man who loads his own side arms.

I'd better stop myself before I get too carried away with gun metaphors and Buchanan's bank of virtues. Historically, reporters have had a weakness for politicians who once were journalists. John Gunther's 1941 landmark book *Inside Europe* was filled with poignant warnings about the menace posed by Hitler. In contrast, Gunther's chapter on Mussolini was embarrassingly soft. "A very good journalist himself," *(Mussolini)* likes newspapermen... He pays intelligent attention to the complaints of interviewers... "Dreaded later, Gunther concluded, "Clearly, I was taken in a bit by Mussolini." But there is a larger moral here for political journalists like me, who tend to see our candidates on their ascendancy, their conduct, and how they appear to respect what we do for a living.

THE DOGS ENVOYED bearing the name Buchanan is, of course, an American eagle. The sprawling unpartitioned house in suburban McLean, Virginia, near CIA headquarters (conspiracy theories rule here), symbolizes how beautiful America has been to conservative columnists with a populist bent. Buchanan was at the

BALLY



THE SPORTING LIFE

Mike Lupica

Nomo, Mr. Nice Guy

With few words and many strikeouts, Japanese pitcher Hideo Nomo has turned America into the land of the sinking fastball

BASEBALL CAME TO a stop again at the Ballpark in Arlington, Texas, but this time the world cheered, because for this moment, the game was in Hideo Nomo's right hand. Baseball ceased at the top of Nomo's windup in the bottom of the first inning of the All-Star game, when he thrust his right hand and his glove hand straight up in the air as if in prayer. In a second, after Nomo turned his back toward home plate—as though he were making a gesture at himself on the big screen in the outfield—Kenny Lofton of the Cleveland Indians, one of the best hitters on the best team in baseball, would have no power against Nomo's splinterfaced fastball. The ball dived into catcher Mike Piazza's glove as Lofton's bat flared at it, and he was struck out. Suddenly baseball felt like the national pastime again. Hell, on this July night, it was the international pastime.

At a time when the biggest star in professional baseball is a Nigerian along coast, a twenty-seven-year-old pitcher, who has spent his entire career until this year with the

Batting in motion:
Hideo Nomo lets his pitching speak for itself.

Kriston Buffides in Japan, to save a wounded American sport that needs all the heroes it can get.

He is the second Japanese-born player ever to join this country's big leagues (Masanori Murakami came thirty years before him) and the first All-Star. During the first half of the season, he has become the kind of pitching sensation that Mark "the Bird" Fidrych was in the aughts and Fernando Valenzuela was for the Dodgers in the eighties. Valenzuela, from Mexico, did not turn toward center field when he pitched but rolled his eyes heavenward, as if even he were struck by the wonder of it all.

"I told our guys right from the start the same thing I told them with Fernando," Dodgers manager Tommy Lasorda said a few days before the All-Star game. "I told them, 'Don't touch a thing with this kid's motion or his delivery. The batter doesn't know what the hell he's doing out there, but he does.'"

Then Lasorda went on to say that while Nomo may speak only a little English, he seems to understand so much about pitching and the heartbeat he has helped revive in baseball.

"You don't have to speak English to be a genius," Tommy Lasorda said. "The first word I taught him was *guat*. I told him, 'When people ask you how you're doing, Hideo, you just say, *'Guat.'*' Which happens to be the truth."

He had come onto the All-Star game averaging nearly twelve strikeouts a game, had come in there on the cover of national magazines and in Nike commercials, had come in there with his status put up on huge television screens in downtown Tokyo when most people were on their way to work. And despite the travails of the Tokyo rush hour, western world stop and watch the herbivorous prize at the top of Hideo Nomo's delivery.

Now it was the All-Star game. Greg Maddux, who has none of Nomo's fair but is the best pitcher anywhere, had pulled out as the likely winner for the National League because of an injury. Even Maddux had nominated Nomo to take his place. Give the people what

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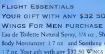


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 - ☐ B. Two
 - ☐ C. Three
 - ☐ D. Four
 - ☐ E. Five or more
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 4. How many sport jackets/blazers did you buy this past year? (Check one.)
 - ☐ A. One
 - ☐ B. Two
 - ☐ C. Three
 - ☐ D. Four
 - ☐ E. Five or more
 How many in total do you have in your wardrobe? _____
 5. How many business shirts did you buy this past year? (Check one.)
 - ☐ A. One - three
 - ☐ B. Four - six
 - ☐ C. Seven - nine
 - ☐ D. Ten or more
 How many in total do you have in your wardrobe? _____
 6. How many ties did you buy this past year? (Check one.)
 - ☐ A. One - three
 - ☐ B. Four - six
 - ☐ C. Seven - nine
 - ☐ D. Ten or more
 How many in total do you have in your wardrobe? _____
 7. How many casual/sport shirts did you buy this past year? (Check one.)
 - ☐ A. One - three
 - ☐ B. Four - six
 - ☐ C. Seven - nine
 - ☐ D. Ten or more
 How many in total do you have in your wardrobe? _____
 8. How many top coats, including rain coats, did you buy this past year? (Check one.)
 - ☐ A. One
 - ☐ B. Two
 - ☐ C. Three
 - ☐ D. Four or more
 9. How many pairs of business shoes did you buy this past year? (Check one.)
 - ☐ A. One
 - ☐ B. Two
 - ☐ C. Three
 - ☐ D. Four
 - ☐ E. Five or more
 How many in total do you have in your wardrobe? _____
 10. How many pairs of athletic shoes did you buy this past year? (Check one.)
 - ☐ A. One
 - ☐ B. Two
 - ☐ C. Three
 - ☐ D. Four
 - ☐ E. Five or more
 How many in total do you have in your wardrobe? _____
 11. How much did you spend on business shoes in the past year?
 - ☐ A. Less than \$100
 - ☐ B. \$100 - \$149
 - ☐ C. \$150 - \$199
 - ☐ D. \$200 - \$299
 - ☐ E. \$300 - \$499
 - ☐ F. \$500 or more
 12. How much did you spend on athletic shoes in the past year?
 - ☐ A. Less than \$100
 - ☐ B. \$100 - \$149
 - ☐ C. \$150 - \$199
 - ☐ D. \$200 - \$299
 - ☐ E. \$300 - \$499
 - ☐ F. \$500 or more
 13. Where do you shop for apparel/accessories most frequently?
 - ☐ A. Boutique/designer store
 - ☐ B. Catalog/mail order
 - ☐ C. Department store
 - ☐ D. Discount apparel chain
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Keywords: child sexual abuse; disclosure; legal system; victimization

Abstract

5

Scale 12



Laorda wisdom: "I've had good luck with guys from other countries who don't look where they should before they throw the ball."

they want. After Nomo struck out Loftin in the first, he whiffed Edgar Martinez with another splitter. In the second inning, Nomo just blew one of his money-able per-hour fastballs past Albert Belle of the Indians.

Two innings, three strikeouts, one hit. The game would continue after Nomo's work for the evening was finished, but the main event had already occurred. For the first time in memory, perhaps since Joe Carter ended the last World Series in October of 1991—with a home run off Mitch Williams, baseball had the stage to itself. There was a game and a player to watch. Nomo, of course, would not solve all of baseball's problems, bring the fans back, repair all the damage. Maybe his even a young babe Ruth could do that.

There have been other unlikely arrivals for baseball, all the way back to Ruth. There have been other phenomena with fastballs. Never one like this. McDrych walked to the hall. The beauty of Hideo Nomo is that he doesn't have to say a word.

BACK IN SPRING TRAINING, after the baseball strike ended, Nomo was pitching for the Dodgers against the Yankees in Fort Lauderdale. The Dodgers had signed Nomo in February, during the work stoppage, and paid him a \$2 million signing bonus. There was no great excitement about it, even though Nomo had been one of the best pitchers in Japan for a long time.

Because no one really knew Dodgers owner Peter O'Malley didn't know and neither did Laorda. Nomo, despite leading Japanese baseball in wins and strikeouts for four years, had injured his shoulder in 1994. And there was a strike on at the time,

so no one was paying attention to anything that was happening in baseball outside the meeting rooms. By the time spring training began at the end of February with scrub players, Nomo was pitching on side fields at Dodgerstown with minor leaguers, so no one knew when he would get a chance against real hitters in real games.

"I knew he could throw hard," Laorda says. "Anybody could see that, but you never know about a guy's breaking ball until he has to throw it against real hitters. I didn't know if he was going to be able to keep the ball down. In Japan, they let you get away with the high strike, so he could throw get up there, and even if they took it, it was a strike. I knew it wasn't going to be enough in our league."

Against the Yankees that day, Nomo got into ground ball cuts with his split-fingered fastball, or forkball. The ball came up so the plate like a fastball for about fifty-eight of the sixty feet an inch between Nomo and the batter and then dove under the batter's bat and was the catcher's glove as suddenly as a gull going for a small fish.

"I had heard about his fastball," Buck Showalter, the Yankees' manager, said. "But what we saw that day was his bastard put-away pitch. The more I watched him that day, the more I thought, 'Uh-oh.'"

One day another, the Yankees hitters would come back to the bench and Showalter would ask them about Nomo. And that is what the Yankees' manager heard:

"Great stuff."

"Nasty."

It is what you would begin to hear all over the National League once the season started. Nomo had a rough start in Denver against the Rockies

and would allow six runs in his first fourteen innings. Then he began to throw all strikes. The hitters knew the splitter was probably coming after two strikes, but it looked enough like his fastball until the end that they kept going for it.

"Great pitchers under you explain the strike zone for them, especially early in the count," Showalter said. "Without ever talking to him, I felt like I saw substance there, as a pitcher and as a man, because you know that eventually the novelty is going to wear off. The novelty of being from another country. The novelty of his windup and his delivery. What I saw when we faced him in the spring was a respect for the game. I felt like I was watching someone who held the game sacred."

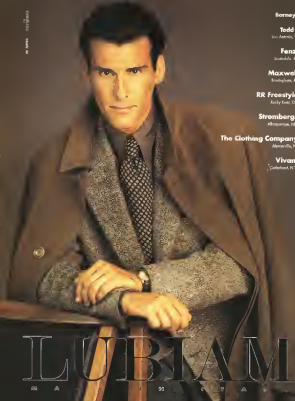
By midseason, Nomo would lead the National League in strikeouts. There was a four-game stretch where he struck out fifty men, breaking a Los Angeles Dodgers record of forty-nine set by Sandy Koufax. Nomo was averaging more than twelve strikeouts per nine innings (Nolan Ryan, by contrast, once averaged 11.48). And he was drawing huge crowds every time he pitched, at Dodger Stadium and on the road, the way Vladimir's had, dazzling baseball with his stuff and charm and hardly speaking a word of English.

"I've had real good luck with guys from other countries who don't always look where they're supposed to before they throw the ball," Laorda says.

There were also some alarming numbers out of Nomo's Japanese career. He had averaged 234 strikeouts per season and had thrown 140 pitches in a game more than sixty times. Twice, he had thrown more than 150 pitches in a game. So, naturally, there had been a lot of wear and tear on Nomo's arm and



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THE SPORTING LIFE

shoulder. And it is worth wondering if Nomo's nose on the baseball might be as hot as Polaris. The summer of 1991, when Polaris exploded, was really the only one for him. He hurt his arm the next year and was never again that magical figure, the Bird. He was out of baseball by the time he was twenty-two.

Nomo's last great year with the Dodgers was 1990. After that, he was a free pitcher with a lean arm. He bounced around and went back to blow-up for a while and resurfaced briefly this season with the San Diego Padres.

Nomo comes along now. He was a great pitcher in Japan but not as big a star, because he played for a smaller-market team in the Pacific League. In Japan, it was as if he were pushing for the Seattle Mariners. But in a few months, he is a bigger event in American baseball than he ever was at home. And he is someone whom baseball fans do not associate with the ugly labor strife and the strike that made the World Series. Nomo was not here. He was not a part of it. So he is not tainted.

When he was through pitching in the All-Star game, Nomo was interviewed on television by Lesley Visser of ABC Sports. Visser stood near the dugout with him and a translator and asked about adjustments Nomo has made this season.

Then, at one point, the translator asked something and Nomo seemed startled because the word *did* was part of the question. Nomo thought he was being asked if he had been afraid to face the same batters he had just struck out in the All-Star game.

Nomo did not need any words in that moment. He gave the translator a look that said not with this baseball. Not with stuff like this.

WE ARE USED to our sports stars being loud. We are used to them talking all the time, non-stop, talking to reach you, want to get a baseball bat to get them to that up. They talk about themselves in the first person and in the third person, and they talk about their sobriety and their love of Jesus, and they talk about how different they are, and pretty soon they all start to sound the same. And somehow it all sounds like trash talk.

Nomo doesn't talk trash because he doesn't talk at all, at least not in our lan-

guage. It is a welcome change. He goes, his natural style, that is the whole act. No tattoos. No nipple rings. No "image is everything" gimmicks. While most big-time athletes seem so desperate to create a mystique about themselves, he just shows up and throws the ball.

He was a motion that is part Lee and part Juan Marchal, with dead eyes like Bob Gibson's, ending with a wonderful ballroom dancer before that leader is on top of you. At a press conference preceding the All-Star game, there were many long questions and translations that seemed even longer, but then Nomo, face impassive, would answer the way:

"Yes."

Or this crazy answer:

"No."

Lasorda says that Nomo understands a lot more English than he lets on but is content to act as if he understands nothing, because it makes him so much simpler. There is just baseball for him. There are no distractions.

"Other than Japanese," Lasorda says, "he seems to be most fluent in the international language of food." The progress spread in Lasorda's office at Dodger Stadium has often been called the world's greatest Italian dish. Nomo is usually the first one in when the game is over.

"He may speak Japanese," Lasorda says, "but the guy sure can eat Italian."

Then Lasorda asks him how he's doing, and Nomo smiles and says, "Great," and waits for his next start. Then he goes about striking out the world, without a word. No wonder people do not trust him as if he were from another country. In sports as we have come to know them, it seems as if Nomo is from another world.

Somewhat, though, it is the quiet Nomo who has become the talk of baseball. He has become the quiet Warren hero riding in to clean up the town. Only he is from the fans.

In a summer when the United States and Japan spent so much time bugging over a trade agreement, when there was so much talk about how much a new Lexus might soon cost, we ended up making the biggest score, because Peter O'Malley was willing to put up a million for a Japanese pitcher. Now the whole world can wonder if Japan is building better pitchers, too, in



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Saved by the Bell Curve

If you've been sitting out the current bull market, here's how you can climb back into the ring

IF YOU'RE AN INVESTOR, chances are you're feeling slightly terrific this year, what with the stock market having redoubled so high that you can't see it even with the Hubble space telescope. Of course, if you're one of those folks who've been standing on the sidelines, groaning, "Nah, it'll never last," you're probably experiencing a little attitude sickness by now.

But read on, because help is on the way, in the form of what statisticians call the "regression to the mean." This obscure-sounding mathematical concept can be turned into some relatively easy and safe—if not blindingly quick—money for late arrivals to the bull market of 1999. It's based on the principle of the bell curve in statistical populations, as Will Stearns, a mutual fund trader who's been riding some while-lagging stocks rose—as, as the smart stocks in the money game like to put it, you can't fall out of the business.

First, understand that if you missed the boat initially, you're in good company. Take Phil Stephens, who manages one of the better-regarded conservative mutual funds on Wall Street. Last year, Stephens could be heard predicting that inflation was about to heat up and the stock market about to crash. So, having poured his fund's portfolio in exactly the wrong direction, he had the joy of waking up last spring to discover that he was at the bottom of his class of fund managers, losing close to 10 percent of his investors' money while

virtually everyone else in the game was making a bundle. But regression to the mean helped him Stephens out. His mistake had been to load up on gold and precious-metals stocks, which nearly doubled in 1999 as inflation worries spread. Stearns had he gotten in the game, however, when gold fever cooled, the sector dropped nearly 10 percent in value. But Stephens stuck with the lagging stocks, and they started to recover. By this spring, his portfolio was up almost 29 percent.

So, what exactly is regression to the mean? It boils down to the fact that in any given statistical group, changes or additions will tend to reflect the average—or, more precisely, the mean—of the population as a whole. You'll find the theory applied sociologically underpinning that much-maligned 1994 best-seller *The Bell Curve*, which seems to hold that the IQs of African-Americans are inherently lower than those of other racial groups in the U.S. It's also used, less controversially, in just about any field in which someone tries to measure norms and the exceptions to them.

The bell curve is named for the shape that a line graph takes when showing the distribution of a population being measured—human beings, stock prices, defective car parts, a really makes no difference. What bell curves show is that in any such population, most members will cluster near the middle—that is, the norm—with the exceptions represented by diminishing slopes on each side, hence the bell shape. For example, a graph mapping height would show most adults clustering somewhere between five feet and six feet, with diminishing numbers of exceptionally short or tall people being found farther out on the slopes.

As applied to stocks, the bell curve is statistically a very good predictor of future price movements in individual stocks. Simply stated, it shows that, over time, all things being equal, low-priced stocks—as measured by their expected per-share earnings, or price/earnings ratio—will outperform high-priced stocks, and for a simple reason. As individual prices in the population of all stock prices change, prices will tend to regress to the mean, which is to say that low-priced stocks will tend to rise while high-priced stocks will tend to decline.

The clearest and best guide to regression theory in securities investing is David Deane's *The New Consensus Investment Strategy*, originally published in 1999. After examining and discarding virtually every investment strategy known—up to and including consideration of the effects of sunspots on stock prices—

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Contact Lens Care

*Offer requires purchase of one pair of 1-Day Acuvue contact lenses. Offer applies to the first 1-Day Acuvue purchase only.



MONEY TALKS

Dowd concluded that only one asset had any lasting value. He wrote: "The evidence strongly supports an investment philosophy of buying solid companies currently out of market favor as measured by their price-earnings ratio."

Since regression theory predicts pricing behavior for entire populations of stocks as opposed to individual stocks, the greater the variety of low-priced stocks you own, the greater the odds that your portfolio will regress to the mean—that is, go up. Since it might seem hard to put together a portfolio of relatively undervalued stocks in a market that has added more than seven hundred points to the Dow since the start of 1995, but in any bell curve of stock prices, there are, by definition, cheap stocks on the two slopes of the curve. So, how do you find them?

Basically, there are two ways. You can subscribe to a service such as the Value Line Investment Survey, which costs \$125 a year list, among other things, a weekly list of the hundred lowest-P/E stocks on Wall Street. But you'll still have to decide which of the hundred to

buy and which to avoid. If you're not careful, you could wind up with a portfolio of ten or fifteen companies that are undervalued for a good reason. They are, in fact, going bankrupt.

Fortunately, there's a better way. A series of recent studies—reported on and updated regularly by *Forbes*—shows the advantage of simply buying the ten Dow Industrials with the lowest P/E ratios and holding them for a year, then selling them and reinvesting the proceeds for the year ahead in the new ten lowest stocks. Since 1975, according to one analysis, this strategy has yielded an average 39 percent compound annualized return, as opposed to 15 percent for the Dow Industrials as a whole. Other studies show similar results stretching back to 1928, when the Dow as we know it was established.

Admittedly, investing in ten stocks every year, collecting forty quarterly dividend checks, then selling the shares and reinvesting the proceeds involves an enormous amount of research and paperwork. But the folks at Merrill Lynch

have taken the drudgery out of it. Anyone who wants to capitalize on regression theory the quick and painless way can invest in their Select Ten Portfolio. Merrill assembles and trades these one-year unit trusts, consisting of the ten lowest-priced, highest dividend-yielding stocks of the Dow at the time the units are packaged. At the end of the one-year period, you can reap the proceeds or reinvest them in a new trust.

Merrill has been marketing these trusts since May 1995, and the gains have been as expected. Anyone getting in at the start would have earned just under 15 percent annually compared with just under 10 percent for the Dow as a whole. Regression theory says that the larger an investor stays in the game, the wider the gap will grow.

As with so many other things in life, this is an investment strategy that pays off biggest for those who are most patient. It works equally well whether the market is going up or down or doing nothing much at all. If you missed out when the market took off, this is the way to get back in the game.

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[illegible]

Citizen Kennedy

On the run from the press all his life, John F. Kennedy Jr. joins the media pack

By Michael Gross

IT IS AN OVERCAST, chilly Friday, but the crowd in the ballrooms of Detroit's Walden Hotel is feverish. In the Adlon Club's money-year luxury only Lee Iacocca has drawn more people to a speech. But today's guest has set pulses racing faster than even Iacocca ever could.

Sighs ("I made eye contact with her!") and whispers ("His posture is perfect") and four burly guards accompany John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr. as he enters the room to the blue-swaggered dais. Women crimp forward, their cameras flash-firing to capture that famous, enigmatic face.

After lunch, Phil Gannuccio, the sleek advertising manager of General Motors, takes the podium and talks off the handsome young speaker's accomplishments: his education at Brown University and NYU Law School, stints with the United Nations in India, with economic development outfits in New York, and with the U.S. Attorney General's Honor Program, his role in founding a group that helps educate health-care workers, and, most recently, his four years as an assistant district attorney in the office of New York City prosecutor Robert Morgenthau.

But it's not his résumé that's brought this mob out to

hear the thirty-four-year-old son of the country's forty-fifth president and Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, the eternal icon. It's not even their most famous in his celebrated reunions with Daryl Hannah and other beauties. Nor is it to stare at the buffed press and thighs, often captured in Central Park grab shots by New York's tabloids but today hidden under a dark, conservative suit. No, this crowd has come to learn about the future of the man they still think of as John John.

"I'm well aware of the expectation that sooner or later I would be giving a speech about politics," he says. "So here I am, I'm obligated to say, fulfilling that expectation." He speaks a bit more about his career, his prospects, his hope that he'll do the right thing. Finally, the excitement building, he tells the crowd what it wants to hear.

"I hope eventually to end up as president," says John F. Kennedy Jr. Three cheers. "Of a very successful publishing venture."

The masses booed out and ad people explode into laughter and applause. They know that this chamber has come to their city to back the risqué venture of a pampered life suddenly smothered by tragedy: a magazine he'll launch in September about the family business—politics. More than a few of them will buy ad pages in the publication someday

named *Goop* (for George Washington), getting that Kennedy's soul will attract readers to a subject that Americans love to hate and have never much wanted to read about.

What they don't fully realize is that they are present at the creation of the latest and most dramatic chapter of the Kennedy saga, a rite of passage of the family's—if not America's—crown prince. For much of his life, John F. Kennedy Jr. has been what he succeeded in becoming, unable to conform to a woman or a career. Now he thinks he has found a way to fulfill his daunting genetic destiny—one that shows his rare grasp of what being a Kennedy is really all about. In his grandfather's day, money was power. In his father's day, politics was power. In his own day, media is power. By charging boldly into its ranks, John Jr. may prove to be the most graceful Kennedy of his generation.

"DON'T LET THEM FEEL YOUR SOUL," Jackie Kennedy would warn her children. John has seemingly spent the last dozen years trying to distance himself from the family legend. Until his full name turned into an advertising device, he preferred to style himself simply John Kennedy, like at least a half dozen other New Yorkers.

For most people, the montage of images triggered by mention of the John Kennedy begins with the picture of a little boy sitting by his father's coffin on a gray November day barely within his memory's reach. Ever since, he's held himself a little apart. As the fashionable prince he frequents, he's had a way of anchoring his back around to fend off the approach of strangers. That princely self-protective instinct, the flip side of the intense attention he pays when he does decide to engage someone, has usually served to wall him off from unwanted overtures.

That wall was constructed, solidly and with great difficulty, by his mother. From the moment of her son's birth by cesarean section on November 25, 1936, two and a half weeks after his father was elected president, the new First Lady tried to shield him and his older sister,



Honor Thy Father
Pitching George in Detroit (above), and saying goodbye in 1963.

Caroline. But President Kennedy didn't play that way. He plainly understood how the image of a happy family could protect him, as it had his own father, from the consequences of his own philandering. So when Jackie was out of town, he'd continue to make photo opportunities with the kids in the Oval Office.

President Kennedy was assassinated three days before his sons' third birthday. Within a year, Jacqueline Kennedy had arranged a new life for herself and her offspring in New York, where she later enrolled John and Caroline in private schools. The children became independently wealthy in 1961 when their mother married the squat Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis. By the terms of President Kennedy's will, a trust fund he'd inherited from his father passed to his children upon his widow's remarriage. John H. Davis, a Boston cousin, believes that trust fund doubled in value during the 1960s, leaving John and Caroline with about six million each.

Onassis helped shield the Kennedys from prying eyes and provided them with the money to support a lifestyle even more lavish than the one they'd experienced in the White House. But the infamous degraded Jackie by blatantly continuing his long-term affair with Mrs. Maria Callas. And when he died in 1962, he showed his contempt for her by leaving her, John, and Caroline a pittance in his will. An ugly legal battle with Onassis's daughter, Christina, ended with a settlement that gave Jackie more than ten million. Marjorie "Kermit" Kennedy, the divorced merchant who became Jackie's consort in later life, helped her sonnet that money and plumped her estate to somewhere around two million, Davis estimates.

The money didn't free John Jr. from his family's past and expectations—at New York's Collegiate School, he was shadowed by Secret Service agents and regularly saw a psychiatrist—but his whippersnapper lifestyle of a mother, raised then to imitate the family's slicker edge. His costume might act like a pack of drugged Rayonettes. Kennedy's Uncle Ted might screw and screw up, and Aunt Lee could wind up a fashion flack, but John and Caroline kept their heads down and emerged as doers, intelligent, modest, and good natured young people.



PARTNER RECOVERED early, public service had a wrong pull on John. "He has a tremendous sense of duty and responsibility," his cousin Robert F. Kennedy Jr. said a few years ago. "Whatever any of the cousins need help on one of their projects—whether it's the Special Olympics or the DNC Human Rights or journalistic awards or the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation awards—John participates." He helped his cousins Joseph and Patrick Kennedy win House seats and pushed an on-cousin Kathleen Kennedy Townsend's successful bid for lieutenant governor in Maryland. He showed up in court for his cousin Willie Smith's trial on rape charges. "He's got a very strong sense of responsibility, but he's not overzealous by it," said Bobby Jr. "He's very comfortable with it."

Comfortable, perhaps, but strangely without passion. When Kennedy went to law school, he was following his sister and six cousins who had studied or were studying to become attorneys. Even his early decision to become an assistant district attorney in New York cracked the family record. This uncle Ted had prepped for his first Massachusetts Senate seat by serving as an assistant DA in Suffolk County. "John said his heart was never really in it," says someone who moved in the DA's office with him. "He was doing it for his mother."

While he waited for the verdict on his New York State cousin, which Caroline had passed on her first day a few months earlier, John earned work as a \$20-an-hour prosecutor. Although this was a competitive position, Bob Morgenthau's office was also a hiring hall for famous sons. Andrew Cuomo, Cyrus Vance Jr., and Dan Rostenko Jr. have worked there, as have the sons of Kluge in France and the son of the former leader Walter Cronkite, and New York City Council speaker Peter Wilkosz. So had John's cousin Bobby Jr., before his resignation amid charges of drug abuse.

John was assigned to the Special Prosecutors Bureau, which handles low-level crimes ranging from corruption, fraud, sex games, and check bouncing to arson and car theft. Kennedy was placed there at first because "we clearly didn't want him in the trial division," says Mike Cherniack, then chief of the DA's investigative division. "We didn't want the attention to distract him."

That fall John learned he'd failed the bar exam. "John didn't take the test seriously," says a fellow assistant DA. He learned he'd flunked a second time (by a points out of a needed 60) at the end of April. Although more than half of the other twenty-five hundred aspirants failed at well, only Kennedy was ridiculed on the front pages of the New York tabloids, all three of which used variations of "Hunk Flunked."

Don't go, John kept his cool. "I'm clearly not a major legal genius," he said.

"He held up under unbelievable pressure," says Owen Carragher Jr., his officemate at the time. John even kept smiling when he was having a consolation beer, and said, "I heard news you failed? I'm glad."



George by George
A rejected prototype for the magazine by legendary ad guru George Lois.

conformation found but one state supreme court judge before when he'd appeared said, "I don't think he had the potential to be a great trial lawyer. He possesses his elsewhere."

Eventually, he won a share of respect from juries and coworkers. "There's a premium on certain intellectual as opposed to advocacy skills in investigators," says Charlesky. "John fit that." Working on what's called "nukes" once a month, interviewing complainants off the street, he proved a natural at getting people to open up and at judging when they were selling the truth.

After two and a half years in the DA's office, Kennedy transferred to a trial bureau. "He wanted something quicker," says Carragher. "He wanted the action. He wanted to do a trial where the defendant would sleep."

In his first case in the trial bureau, he presented two men who'd run a chicken stand in Hattiesburg that burned down just after they took out fire insurance. An investigator had been in with a watch in the stand, but the evidence against the owners was circumstantial, and the only witness was a fellow who didn't want to testify. Kennedy convinced the testimony he needed during a complex, three-week trial. "It was a loser and John won it," says Carragher.

That, and others. In four years as an assistant DA—a year longer than the normal term of service—Kennedy had a perfect five conviction record. A political career now seemed logical. When Kennedy had introduced Under Teddy at the 1968 Democratic National Convention, he'd electrified the delegates by invoking his father's name. "So many of you came into public service because of him," Kennedy said in a prime-time speech. "In a very real sense, because of you, he is with us still." The retrospective occasion that followed secured a fitting kickoff to his first campaign.

During John's law-school years, he and several friends had convinced weekly "taxi-cab meetings" someone that Bobby Kennedy Jr. characterized as "just a private thing that he does." Might they lead to elevated office? "It's something that, you know, you never try never and it's obviously a source of interest, but I'll just say," John equivocated shortly before quitting the DA's office. "I don't really know."

JOHN MAY HAVE OWNED IN LOSS SOME OF HIS FATHER'S IN A more peering interest in the Kennedy's other scandal par-

ade sexual conquest. A grainy mosaic of women threw themselves at John Jr. At the district attorney's, a cleaning woman who'd squabbled with Carragher and stopped clearing his office began spending hours a day in it once John moved in. "She shared the underside of the desk," Carragher says. "The just wasn't his house." Partridge had in secret delirium and upon John's suit, which often contained unsorted pictures of women. Once, an adviser sent a capacious machine.

Kennedy is a gentleman. "He doesn't pick up girls and screw them and dump them out of the car," says a woman who has known him a long time. "He's pretty tame for a guy who's that good-looking." But at the same time, he's no innocent. Women sit—and pride in it—is, as historian Gerry Willis has pointed out, "a very important and conscious part of the male Kennedy repertoire." John, blessed with looks almost as striking as his name, was an early on charmer. A prep-school classmate, when asked what he thought young Kennedy would be doing in ten years, answered plainly, "Dying."

Adult life didn't pass it. "He got around a lot. He didn't copulate on it. Things just came his way."

John's one fiasco into Hattiesburg, a 1960 coming-of-age movie written by, produced by, and starring college friends and called *A Matter of Days*, played on the young man's strident goodlooks. Identified in the credits as a "juicy playing Romeo," he had a key role as a fellow consumed with coupling. In one scene, he struts his instrument and tenderly proclaims to an adoring paramour, "Oh, baby, I can't live without your love." Moments later, he is shown quarreling with the woman.

"What does it matter what we do when we're not together?" he pleads with her. "Because when we're not together," she answers, "you're fucking Alaska," referring to another of his love interests.

Like his grandfather, who used to keep Gloria Swanson around once while his wife, Rose, was on hand, and his father, who had said Marilyn Monroe, Angie Dickinson, and Gene Tierney, John Kennedy Jr. has long favored actresses. His longest and most notable liaison was with Cheryl Hanks, herself rich and social. They

"John is usually pointed in the right direction. Did Jackie guide him? Probably."

first met as youngsters on vacation with their families on St. Martin. They met again after John's aunt Lee Radcliffe married Herb Ross, who had directed Hanks in the film *Soul Magnolia*.

That this affair—and numerous others—was carried on in public showed John to be more like his mother than his father. Just like John Jr., her son can be a facile seducer. When he strips off his shirt to play Frisbee in the park, when he smooches girls on street corners or coaxes them into showers at sea, he's cruising for the camera, just as his mother was when she unknowingly "posed" for her famous topless photos on Art Ochs' sofa under Sleepers.

Kennedy has kept his voice out of the public record except in carefully crafted snippets, but he puts himself on view with insurance. He can afford the privacy and luxury of limousines, but he jogs himself almost town on Rollerblades and a bicycle. "Aerobics are dangerously unbecoming men," writes Nelson W. Aldrich Jr., a chronicler of the American upper class. "Take David the King and [Plunging]." Tom Buchanan, they are sensual, ruthless, and corrupt.

The story is told that John used to walk around the campus of Brown in gym shorts so brief they emphasized an endowment almost as impressive as the university's. In New York, he has continued to flaunt himself. When he lived on Manhattan's Upper West Side, even after he was delisted the senior men above, he used to sprawl at an outdoor table at the Jackson Hole hamburger joint, shirt off. One neighborhood woman says Kennedy would stop her to ask for the time. "My sense was that he was dying for attention, dying for people to look at him," she says.

JOHN KENNEDY DEVELOPED A public image as a dilettante and connoisseur as he grew. As early as 1976, he was dubbed "the least competent Kennedy" in a book about the family. Over, asked whom he had admired as a child, he said, "I guess I have to answer that honestly. My role models were

Mick Jagger and Muhammad Ali, actually." Even as he spent his days posing—crazing petty thieves and swindlers, he seemed to pour his heart mostly into purring and cooing. In one point, he belonged to three Massachusetts health clubs at once. "If I had to pick a dealer on him, I'd be hard put to find one," Bobby Kennedy Jr. once said, "except that he pays more attention to his clothes than the rest of us."

Hachette Men

A posed strategy session with CEO Packer (left) and partner Berman.



sons," writes Altkirk, "constantly threatening to shoot them out into tradition space."

Young John Kennedy has certainly seemed more troubleless than most. But he was actually trying to keep his end of what Gerry Wells calls the "Kennedy contract," a compact whose components are "power, money, fame." John Jr. had the latter as a birthright. He had enough of the second to keep him comfortable. All he lacked was the first.

JACQUES KENNEDY, 68-year-old dad of symphonic carnicia at 15, die on May 19, 1991, in his Fifth Avenue apartment, with John, Caroline, and Marlene. "I'm sorry at her bedside," John was at his desk at 8:30 a.m. the day after the burial, a friend says. "He did exactly what Jackie would have done. He went back to work."

What he was working on was a magazine. It was the first real risk of his professional life.

The idea had come to him a year and a half earlier, on a night shortly after Bill Clinton was elected president. Over dinner, John and a pal, Michael Forman, started talking about how the way people looked at politics had changed. "Politicians have taken their cue from the entertainment industry," he knew John puts it. "At 20, even David Letterman was that clown's main concern about for this year." He passed and shaken his head in wonder. "What?"

Was there something in this for them? No one is sure who said it first, but the question was asked that fall night. "What about a magazine?"

The idea was intriguing. Existing political magazines, Kennedy believes, haven't "caught up with the moment." Then there were the other, larger ones: a publication could capture "power and personality, triumph and loss, the pursuit and price of ambition for its own sake and for something larger," all subjects with which John has more than a nodding acquaintance. Despite the irony inherent in running precisely the sort of venture he'd been running away from all his life, he and Forman decided to give it a try.

They'd been friends for years. The son of a real estate developer from Princeton, New Jersey, Forman had prepped at Lawrenceville, earned a degree in history from Lafayette College, and then gone into public relations. He met Kennedy through mutual friends on the city's party scene in the early 1980s.

When John entered law school in 1986, he stayed in touch with Forman, and in 1991, they first went into business together. Kennedy had gone backpacking and came home raving about some handmade beers he called "The Rolfe-Bayes of beer." John wanted to buy on the small company in Maine that made them, manufacture them, distribute them nationally, and trade orders to make the beer. Nothing came of the plan, but the two men never abandoned the corporate money they'd established to do the deal. It was

called Random Ventures, which for the next six years assumed an air of desperation of John's approach to life.

After Kennedy became an assistant DA, Forman evolved into John's Stashio Partner. The press became an issue, says a close friend. So whenever a media problem came up, John suggested that the DAs overworld press office hand it off to Forman. "At first, it was once every other month," John's friend says. "Then it was every three days." After John faded the bar scene for the second time, the calls started coming every couple of hours.

Forman's firm was no longer his own PR business, representing clients like Comcast, Pfizer pharmaceutical, Dardsell, and the Mexican tourist board. Although he was and remains a Democrat, he also helped run the annual White House Easter egg roll throughout George Bush's presidency. But by mid-1993, Forman was an eager to move out of PR work as John was to find a direction, so when the case came up with the idea for a magazine, they threw themselves into it with equal fervor.

Working first in a desk at Kennedy Enterprises and later from space in Forman's office in New York's Flatiron district, John used his name to secure meetings with potential backers, including Edgar Bronfman Jr., who, like the young Kennedy, traced his money to liquor business but wanted to make his own mark on the world. "Every door was open to them," says a friend of John's. "But that was good news and bad news. Did these people believe, or did they just want to

meet John? Forman and Kennedy would joke about charging a million dollars for a first meeting with potential investors, because that was really all many of them wanted.

Kennedy's mother set up a meeting between John and her friend Joe Armstrong, who'd worked in magazine publishing for twenty years. John was determined not to do what people expected; Armstrong, says soon, he, Kennedy, and Forman were meeting regularly.

The magazine behind the magazine, at first, was high-minded. Forman and Kennedy wanted it to be popular, representative, and centered on process instead of personalities or party politics. They thought that would appeal to people aged twenty to forty who felt disenfranchised by politics but still wanted access to the circles of power. The magazine would have a small circulation based more on subscriptions than newsstand sales. "Tahleberg," says Armstrong, recounting his meetings with Kennedy. "I looked like a way to approach public service and keep a balance in his life."

Unfortunately few of the people they talked to were interested in helping young Kennedy work a hell of an. When John Weiner, a longtime Kennedy family friend, heard of the project after reading about it in a media newsletter, he was sure "what's this about?" he allegedly asked John. "You better see me immediately. This is not a magazine. It's not commercial." Clearly, some of the family's media contacts, Kennedy and Forman wended their way through the tight inner circles of the New York-based magazine industry, a gossipy en-

Our Prince Can Kick Your Prince's Ass

Back when it was still good to be the king, being the prince was nothing to sneeze at, either. But monarchy's fall from fashion left the world with a small but significant population of useless princes—wealthy, well-bred men with power BNA but absolutely

no driving skills. And while John F. Kennedy Jr.'s accomplishments may still lie in his future, at least he's showing more enterprise than his peers—even if he's never been asked to light an Olympic torch.

| Prince | Prince | Prince | Prince | Prince | Prince |
|---|---|--|---|--|---|
| Prince Charles, 37 British | Prince William, 30 British | Prince Harry, 29 British | Prince Edward, 27 British | Prince Andrew, 35 British | Prince Philip, 89 British |
| Charles is the eldest son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is the first in line to the throne. | William is the second son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is second in line to the throne. | Harry is the third son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is third in line to the throne. | Edward is the fourth son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is fourth in line to the throne. | Andrew is the fifth son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is fifth in line to the throne. | Philip is the husband of Queen Elizabeth II. He is the father of the other four princes. |
| Prince Albert, 37 British | Prince Edward, 35 British | Prince George, 33 British | Prince Michael, 31 British | Prince Alexander, 29 British | Prince Nicholas, 27 British |
| Albert is the sixth son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is sixth in line to the throne. | Edward is the seventh son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is seventh in line to the throne. | George is the eighth son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is eighth in line to the throne. | Michael is the ninth son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is ninth in line to the throne. | Alexander is the tenth son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is tenth in line to the throne. | Nicholas is the eleventh son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is eleventh in line to the throne. |
| Prince Philip, 89 British | Prince Michael, 31 British | Prince Alexander, 29 British | Prince Nicholas, 27 British | Prince George, 33 British | Prince Edward, 35 British |
| Philip is the husband of Queen Elizabeth II. He is the father of the other four princes. | Michael is the ninth son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is ninth in line to the throne. | Alexander is the tenth son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is tenth in line to the throne. | Nicholas is the eleventh son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is eleventh in line to the throne. | George is the eighth son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is eighth in line to the throne. | Edward is the seventh son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip. He is seventh in line to the throne. |

class where nervous debaters simultaneously gey for new politicians that might employ them and denigrate any new idea that isn't their own. In contrast the duo believe, they talked to several former editors at *7 Days*, an upscale New York weekly that floundered and then flopped in the early 1990s. "It was very much another class," says one of the many people whose brains were picked.

By fall 1994, *Reagan* and Kennedy were getting discouraged. "People didn't get it," a friend of John's says. "It wasn't an easy sell." They'd won the promise of about \$1 million in funding, but their advisers warned that it wasn't enough. Finally, to secure top news interest, they leaked the venture to the press column.

It was supposed that Kennedy was joining the very effort that had haunted him so mercilessly throughout his life, forgetting that his grandfather had pulled around with journalists—had even chased slams with *New York Times* Washington columnist Arthur Krock—decades before. His mother, too, had built a career career in partisan publishing, editing celebrity and art books at Doubleday, and President Kennedy, as his son was told, had hoped to run a newspaper after leaving the White House. "I think the idea was somewhat inevitable," John says of the magazine he'd started calling *Goop*. "Both my parents not only loved words but spent a good part of at least their professional lives in the word business."

Encouraged by the newspapers, *Reagan* and Kennedy decided in late 1994 to test their idea by mailing solicitations for the noncommercial *Goop* to spouses whose names were drawn from other magazines' subscription lists. The offer, for a twenty-four-dollar-a-year shorter subscription, was aimed mostly at media gals, the copy said but about *Goop* than about other magazines. "*Goop* is to politics what *Rolling Stone* is to music. *Rolling Stone* is to business. *After* is to beauty. *Premiere* is to films," read the piece. It was a "soft" offer that didn't require a check, but the response was encouraging. Mailings that didn't mention Kennedy's name got a solid 5 percent response, those that did attracted seven times as many.

Sounding, finally, that something might happen with their project, Kennedy and *Reagan* also began changing. The high-mindedness with which they'd originally approached the venture began slowly giving way to a desire to succeed, whatever charges in tone, look, or content that required.

Goop was found that one shortly after he got involved with *Goop*.

The ruffled venture adviser, whose *Esquire* covers in the 1980s set the pace for intentionalist magazine design, was one of the many approached by the duo for input. "In the kind of schmuck, I got excited," he says. "And suddenly I was designing his magazine." Lost designed a logo—a truncated version of Washington's signature, passed down to his almost unrecognizable nephew. Beneath it, lost put the words we cannot tell, a lie.

Using his own money, lost also produced a series of outrageous covers. Richard Nixon had just died, so he got Alger Hiss to pose for one, over a headline derived from a classic *Esquire* line about Nixon: WHY IS THIS MAN SMILING? A photograph of a 1950s in a prestige suit was captioned, TOTALLY NEW ADVICE TO FUTURE CANDIDATES KEEP IT SIMPLE! A photograph of Barbara Streisand with a wedding on her nose was with the line BROWN-NOSE. HOLLYWOOD DOES WASHINGTON, WASHINGTON DOES HOLLYWOOD.

Kennedy and *Reagan* loved the covers—at first. "A week later, they'd said no. Everybody says you can't do that," and *Lost*. After a few more meetings, he gave up. "If you want a real magazine," he told them, "you've got the wrong guy."

Eventually, the notion of using *Goop* to stimulate involvement in politics joined aversion to the sidelines as John and *Reagan* started talking about politics as theater and their magazine as a glossy journal for the not entirely engaged.

The basic concept, says Roger Black, the design director of *Esquire*, who was contacted by the pair at that point, was "to be a half-fun, half-serious magazine, not a *New Republic* or a political-science journal. They felt people were ready for a magazine treating politics like entertainment."

"Michael presented it as a shiny forward-project," says one of their consultants. "That wasn't necessarily John's first instinct." But Kennedy quickly got with the program. "They wanted Herb Rits, Anne Lebowitz, Bruce Weber, metropolitan writers," says John's close friend.

They edged even closer to glam after Hachema Mupacha Muganyizi got involved. The *American* arm of a giant French media company, Hachema is the nation's fourth largest magazine company, with twenty-two titles and 1990 million in revenues. The company, which owns *Elle* and the successful but unimpressive *Car and Driver* and *Road & Track*, has expanded mainly via high-profile acquisitions. Here was an opportunity to get credit for starting something hot and turn *American's* crown prince into a supporting star.

Hachema CEO David Proder had been pumping Kennedy and *Reagan* over since he'd heard about *Goop* at a benefit dinner in June 1994. After several months of unexciting messages and letters, John finally called him back. "I just want you to know we have a lot of interest, and not just in having lunch with John Kennedy," Proder told him.

They finally met in December. Proder subsequently studied the *Goop* propositions and called some key potential advertisers, concentrating on the Detroit automobile manufacturers he'd dealt with in his fifteen years as a publisher of car magazines. Other meetings were arranged, with Jean Louis Gerbier, Hachema's cultural director, and the over-the-hill Le Bernhardt, with Daniel Mupacha, its chairman.

A fifty-fifty agreement was agreed to and February between Hachema and the duo's company, Random Ventures. Their venture wasn't random anymore. *Reagan*, now *Goop's* executive publisher, sold his PR business and, with editor in chief Kennedy, moved into a conference room on the Hachema floor where *Elle* is produced. Not long afterward, they moved to a floor they share with, among others, the staffs of *Elle*, *Time*, *Rolling Stone*, and *Metropolitan* News.

Hachema, a company with a strong intentionalist emphasis, isn't interested in an earnest subscription-based magazine about issues and ideas. "Suddenly, the struggle over the direction of the magazine is very serious," says someone who's been inside *Goop*. "There are different camps. John is smart, but he lacks an edge. He's one of the best assertive people you'll ever meet, he's never told us assert himself—he's John Kennedy!" Now suddenly he's in a huge corporation. He wants a magazine of ideas with a major coating. "They want a political book."

Early on, *Goop* suggested renaming the magazine *Care-Care*, after the lines of power, money and culture that circumscribe the fluid boundaries of its beat. Then when some of the initial designs seemed to resemble *Elle*

Dore and one of the editors expressed his desire, the art director assigned to the project, supposedly snipped, "I was hired by Hachema—I work for Hachema!"

"They got off to a bad start," John's friend admits. It was worse for *Reagan* than for Kennedy. Wells had to be torn down to make the executive publisher's office responsible to the editor in chief's, although Kennedy's still has the better view of New Jersey. Central Park, and all of northern Manhattan. Proder wasn't about the report of internal discord, but he seems to refer to them in one pointed comment: "Normally in business, the person who puts up the money has the last say."

Proder is a happy guy these days, and not just because he has *American's* prince in his pocket. *Goop* has booked its pages in ads for its first issue. "We've already sold ads for eight issues," Proder crows. "We know where we're going to be." It's and that Gerber has suggested to a memo that the magazine must get all soft and gooey toward the powerful people it hopes to feature in its pages in order to gain their cooperation, and that John must be as public as Tim Brown. How hell cope with that expectation is yet to be seen, but he's already been reported to have interviewed George Wallace and to have requested a date with everyone's favorite underdog semi-independent candidate, Colin Powell.

So it is that these days, John Kennedy has finally also found his directorship. He, still warbled from the club scene, and joined the working class. He gets up early every morning and exercises, then flies from *LifeCity* to his midtown office, carrying his front wheel upstair in elevators while JFK Jr.'s assistants have to carry his horned iron. In an office decorated with mugs of the magazine's founders (including a blow-up doll of John Kennedy's dog), he meets writers, makes ad calls, and often works late. He's even issued a memo instructing his staff that he expects them there when he arrives at 9 a.m. in the morning.

Off hours, he still sees *Reagan*, but there are others. "We're talking about John Kennedy," he says. "John Kennedy" has found a publisher. Finally, he has bigger things on his mind than whom he'll be with at night, then where he'll be in a much different place than the one he and *Reagan* first imagined this night after Bill Clinton's election.

Initially, Hachema presented only to produce and distribute two issues of *Goop*. But soon, the company signed its commitment, pledging to go to monthly early in 1996 and monthly in September late two months before the next presidential election, at a total investment it put, vaguely, between \$5 million and \$6 mil-

"John is smart, but he lacks an edge. He's one of the least assertive people around."

lion. "I pushed them to do a magazine that connects with a lot of people," says Gerber. From Kennedy and *Reagan's* original idea of a small journal that encouraged participation in politics, *Goop* has grown into a

magazine its publishers hope will sell three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand copies on newsstands each month—or about what *Mary Kay* with its Hollywood covers manages to sell.

If *Goop* does, the magazine will connect not through the language of politics or journalism but through the raw voice of success in America, entertainment. John has made this clear in the way he has directed *Goop* in potential ad verbiage. It will showcase "politics as misadventure, suspense thriller, comedy scenarios over great drama," he's said. Examples *Goop* has commissioned an article on Newt Gingrich's broken ball game, a piece by Roseanne called "I Went President," and a review by James Carville of the new Al Pacino film, *City Hall*, which a source says will actually be ghostwritten by a *Goop* staffer, and it has considered a story by a New York group columnist on fundraising benefits. But the biggest tip-off is *Goop's* cover. The first issue will likely feature Cindy Crawford, aptly by Herb Rits and posed like Linda Evangelista in the dawn pages of *Vogue*. Anthony Hopkins, made up for his role as the star of Oliver Stone's *Nixon*, is in the running for cover number two.

"They don't even feel the need to pretend to access intentions," says eddy Maria Peres, this editor in chief and owner of *The New Republic*, a magazine that became indispensable for a time when President Kennedy made it a favorite read (right up there with his *Flamingo* James Bond novels). "A magazine like this will reflect the interest of the public but cannot overstate it," Peres adds.

Susan Hutton, the acting chairman of the journalism department at the University of Mississippi, has made a year study of consumer magazines. "So far, [*Goop*] has had a great response in the advertising community, because of JFK Jr.'s name," he says. "The danger, of course, is that when you have this high expectation, everyone is going to judge it with a sharp razor edge."

The big question, concludes Hutton, is this: "Is there a magazine behind the hype?"

Even some of the people who worked on the prototype of *Goop* are leery about its intentions and prospects. "Glib-

is a nightmare walk," says one. "But enough money on Hillary's disclaimer and Tabitha Stoen, and serious people won't return your phone calls."

But perhaps they will anyway—showing that John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr. may know more about the power of politics and the politics of power than anyone suspects.

Honor Thy Mother
Saying goodbye, yet again, with sister Caroline in 1994.



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S W I S S M A D E



OFFICIAL TIMEKEEPER OF THE 1996 OLYMPIC GAMES

IN FULL GEAR, THE SOLDIERS WADED INTO A DARK SWAMP.

THE WATER HIGH AND RISING, THE NIGHT APPROACHING.

THEY WERE ALL DYING TO BE U. S. ARMY RANGERS, BUT

BY THE NEXT DAY, SOME OF THEM WOULD JUST BE DEAD.



The Black Badge of Courage

THE YELLOW RIVER BEGINS IN SOUTHERN ALABAMA, NEAR a country crossroads called Rose Hill, and flows into the Florida panhandle, that western arm of the Sunshine State where Bible Belt hymns crowd the radio hands and the Latin ballads of Miami stations, if you pick them up at all, seem like music from another world. The Yellow doesn't lend itself to stirring adjectives; it isn't "raging" or "mighty," but a mere yeoman of a river—sluggish, undistinguished, and dull. From the state line, it continues due south for thirty-odd miles, slips under Interstate 10, then turns abruptly westward, uncoiling like a drawn gut through swamps in whose moss-draped

precincts gators hulk and cottonmouths nest, before it finally empties into Pensacola Bay. This part of its journey takes it through Eglin Air Force Base, a vast military reservation over which pine and live-oak forests roll for miles.

By Philip Caputo

A Worst-Case Scenario

An accident waiting to happen: It was almost deliberate and inadvertent the way events conspired against the 3-80 merger class on February 15, 1986. This was how the day, which was supposed to be a cakewalk, unfolded.



Tucked away in a remote corner of the woods, at the end of a dirt road so red and powdery it seems to have been paved with brickdust that, in a small army base, Camp James E. Rudder, headquarters for the 4th Ranger Training Battalion. With its brown-and-white clapboard buildings and dust-blown streets, the camp could serve as a set for a World War II movie. Its actual birth was during the Korean War—1950, when the Army established singer school here since, soldiers seeking to win the singers' crowd, black-and-gold shoulder tabs have come to it for the final phase of their training.

Three miles from Camp Ralston's main gate, the Yellowstone courses under a low promontory called Motts Bluff. A narrow cove cuts into the bluff, as if a trunk were tossed toward a point where a steep track breaks through stands of towering Douglas-fir. It was there, it is said, on Monday, February 10, 1905, that the six men of ranger class J. C. Kilgus launched rubber rafts to practice waterborne operations, such as ambushes, and other skills of their steady state. Later that afternoon, any-thing of them disembarked some eight miles downstream and, advancing on their imaginary enemy, plunged into the cyprinodont gloom of the swamp. They had only six days until the end of their training, six days until they could sew the tub onto their sleeves.

Gold leaves on a black field, maybe two inches long by half an inch wide. 1.5.6.1914

Napoleon once said, "I can make men die for little pieces of ribbon." Before the day was through, there were

light rangers would leave that soldiers today, like M. Austerlitz, can die for the same reason. They would leave a lesson, usually imparted to young warriors in combat: that they who in their youth and strength throw themselves innocent as foam and mortal after all that this band of brothers was not going to be betrayed with fire, as happen was to be accompanied with the element traditionally used in that sacrament. Miles to the north, the Yellow was rising from heavy rains in the Alabama hills, and it was going to turn the swampy into a gallery of terror and confusion that the survivors, despite their blank-cartridge weapons and misbelieve ammun, would remember as older soldiers in other times have remembered their first battlefield.

A CAMPFIRE WARD OFF THE early-morning chill. Puffing on a cigarette, a tall man, his cropped black hair partly hidden by a camouflage patrol cap, stood by the fire. He was Sergeant First Class Robert Boyden Jr., and he was waiting for the day's trainees to get

under way. Day nine on the schedule. It was designed to acquaint the students with relevant techniques and various

"We love that guy," Broyden would say much later in disbelief, the disbelieved negating more in his eyes than in his voice. His speech tends toward the Yankee flatness of his native Connecticut, and his piercing, gray-blue eyes compensate for his lack of vocal inflection, underlining certain words, providing exclamation points. "It's wonderful, my Sweet Guin is a piece of cake! Students don't eat—*but*—the rules are essential."

It was to be an especially easy day for Boyden, fourteen years in the Army and a minor instructor for the past three years. Usually, he was a PLW—a platoon-leader-walker—with C. Company, at Clark's Company. That meant he doggedly led his students on short marches and exercises and whenever he had been assigned as platoon leader for the day. But on February 19, he had been tapped to serve as APL, or assistant principal instructor. That is, he was second in command of all three of Clark's Companies, and he had to lead a thirty-four men march—and the day's principal instructor (PI) was Captain Hal B. normally C. Company's commanding officer. PI and APL were not physically demanding jobs of responsibility. Brindle and Boyden weathered row concerns and dreading the day was a good way to avoid going to the Army that day. So for the first time, though Brindle had designated the mission as easy.

*Crucial for men seen throughout for people who asked that their real names be used in a story about the Department of Defense's military divorce.

In the winter, the nigger training in Florida is the most treacherous of the four phases. Life penetrating, involving large numbers of exhausted men through nearly swamps with many or seventy pounds of weapons and gear on their backs is inherently dangerous, and in the winter, hypothermia is the most serious risk. It is the dread of nigger students and of the instructors responsible for them. In 1992 two student niggers died of it during a swamp march. In 1993, two others were nearly drowned but survived. Hypothermia is not

normal body temperature usually comes from prolonged exposure to damp, cold, or both. In physiological terms, what happens is simple enough. When the body is chilled, you start to shiver, which is the body's way of telling you that it's losing heat faster than it can be replaced. If no action is taken to warm the body, it starts to sweat, located in a bundle of nerve tissue at the base of the spine, responds by ordering heat to be drawn from the extremities to the body's core. That's all it's doing—trying to maintain a core temperature of 98.6 degrees. Later, when the body has lost its ability to hear, because the major part of the brain needs to function, circulation slows down, depriving your brain of oxygen. You stop shivering. At this point, when the core temperature has dropped to 90 degrees, your body begins to lose the ability to return itself to normal. You start to lose heartbeats, your brain dies or another body, if none of these measures are taken, your pulse becomes irregular, you drift into semiconsciousness, then unconsciousness, and when your temperature drops to 90 degrees, you die. Physiologically, the process is more intricate. As your brain slows down, you start to feel dizzy, your vision becomes blurry, and your breathing will no longer be as coordinated. You will no save yourself or help. You stop shivering, you stop warming your body, but you don't care.

After the 1979 incident at Camp Rucker, an obscure branch of the military service, the Military Ergonomics Division of the U.S. Army Research Institute of the Environmental Medicine, conducted numerous studies and devised a table of water depths, water temperatures and immersion times to give mariners some basis of training to conduct underwater. Under these Rules of Submersion, all swimming training is to be cancelled when water falls below six degrees.

Thomas lay the reason for Captain Brattle's creation very light. The day before the February 5 massacre, as required by standard procedures, he had checked the water level in the Yellow River and found that it had risen twelve to eighteen inches since his last check, on February 3; however, the river's depth on that date had been twelve to eighteen inches below its level during the previous major flood. In other words, the river was back at a depth at which it usually had been considered safe for travel. By itself, this would

Roll Call: U. S. Army Rangers

THE DEAD
Capt. Milton Palmer, 21,
of Fishers, Indiana
2nd Lt. Spencer DeLoe, 35,
of Brooklyn, New York
2nd Lt. Gertrude Sawmons, 28,
of Rochester-New Hampshire
Sgt. Thomas Wilson, 26,
of Greenville, Mississippi

THE QUICK:
Maj Gen John Bowden,
commanding general, Fort
Benning, Georgia.

Ray Ona John Nkomo, deputy commander First Battalion, and

Col. **Galen Jackson**, commanding officer, runs one of the 10 brigades.

1st Col. Richard Kuchler,

Training Detachment Camp

Coast. Ed. Woodfield,* author/ed.

Col. Robert Hayden Jr., assistant

principal instructor (4/4)
 2000 Donald Luper, piano teacher

5000 (FURN) - BCS Company
 5000 Group Boxes, FURN C Company
 5000 - Jiffy Boxes - DSB & Company

Staff Sgt. Scott Jackson,* a sergeant instructor (FI) E-Compney

Small Eng.-Jim Bostick,* III,
B Company

G Company

patients—Alpha, on hypothermia

guidelines a specific one

If the joints of these did cure

They can carry
weight to assist
if necessary. For

how they are
used in the

ment for
to explain
the re-

ould not dislodge

RANGER TRAINING DROVE MEN TO SUCH EXHAUSTION THAT THEY'D HALLUCINATE. ONE STUDENT WAS EVACUATED WHEN AN INSTRUCTOR FOUND HIM PUMPING QUARTERS INTO A TREE. THINKING IT WAS A COKE MACHINE.

through the swamps where the students were to conduct their marches. The water there was between knee- and thigh-deep, which was acceptable. But the water temperature, averaged at nine o'clock in the morning, was so borderline as you can get .50 degrees. Still, the submersible charts said that in thigh-deep water of 50 degrees, students could remain in the water for up to five hours, and the swamp march was not expected to exceed two hours. Besides, he anticipated—correctly, as it turned out—that the water would warm up in the afternoon. The instructor for the filaments called for air transportation in the 7th, with only a 50 percent chance of rain. A pretty fair day. Good to go—but with caution.

Butfield and Sergeant Boyden did not know that five inches of rain had fallen in southern Alabama and Georgia and that the runoff upstream had brought the Yellow River to near flood stage. No one at Camp Rucker knew, because there was no way for anyone to know. No system of communication existed between the training base and the Southeast River Forecast Center in Peachtree City, Georgia. The agency's gauge at Milligan, Florida, southeast of the camp, showed that the river's normal depth of 4 to 6 feet had creased at a big fast on February 4. That was not inches short of flood stage, so no flood warnings were issued. But all that water was slowly heading downstream.

There was another thing that Butfield and Boyden did not know and had no way of knowing. That evening, an unusually high tide was going to come in on Pensacola Bay and fill the mouth of the river. The tide would act like a cork in a bottle, preventing the swollen Yellow and the swamps from draining into the bay. The blockage would add eight to ten inches to the already high waters.

Not far from Boyden's quarters, concealed by the trees in their parent bays, the swamp rangers were loosening up muscles with some another night of dipping on the ground, shaking out their poncho liners, shaking the sleep out of

their heads. Pretty easy to do because they hadn't gotten much sleep. Nearly, the twelve ranger instructors who had been with them for the past twenty-four hours were briefing the twelve new instructors who would accompany them on today's mission. At park day for the 8th—but not for the students. After nearly two months of ranger training, they were

now done, near that point of exhaustion rangers call *moré*. Their class had begun with 334 students, three to seven the nervous, and quiet and glib-eyed, they looked a little like twenty percent, a lot of weight for young men who had begun their training in prime physical condition.

It was they were the cream of the new American Army, which had, in the Persian Gulf, won one of the swiftest victories in military history. Most were young, beardless, like twenty-five-year-old Spencer Dodge and twenty-three-year-old Carlos Sosa, graduates of the West Point class of 1990, a few were older men, like Sergeant Norman Tillman, a noncommissioned from the first Airborne, one was a captain, Mike Palmer, a top graduate of the Citadel and son of a retired army officer. All of the officers had been through the infantry officers basic course at Fort Benning, Georgia. Many had won their paratrooper wings at jump school. And yet all that training had been to

swamp school as leadership development course, which suggests that it's a benign natural life, says a Dale Carnegie course or, at worst, a kind of militarized Outward Bound. It is anything but. Just to get into swamp school, soldiers have to pass rigorous physical fitness tests. Fifty-two push-ups in two minutes, sixty-two sit-ups in the same time, six chin-ups, a two-mile run in under fifteen minutes, a five-mile run in under forty minutes are required to demonstrate above-average competence in basic infantry skills. Like swamp training and land navigation, marksmanship, and small-unit patrolling.

That's the easy part. What follows admission to race

weeks of the most rugged military training in any branch of the U.S. armed services, or in any army anywhere, for that matter, with the possible exception of the British Special Air Service, the fabled SAS. Students conduct marches, raids, and ambushes in every kind of climate, always with accompanying rudeness on their backs. They are limited to two meals a day—MREs, for "meals ready to eat." At best, they get four hours' sleep a night. They spend sixteen days at Fort Benning, practicing hand-to-hand combat, bayonet drills, and squad-size patrolling; another sixteen days of desert training in the desolate badlands near Fort Bliss, Texas; seventeen days in Dahlke, Georgia, learning military mountaineering; and, finally, sixteen days at Camp Rucker for jungle and swamp training, small boat operations, and survival techniques. Former rangers told me that this regimen drove them to such states of exhaustion that they began to hallucinate. One said that he was evacuated when a ranger instructor found him pumping quarters into a tree, thinking it was a Coke machine, another was found hopping over and around swamps during a forced march because, in a delirium, he'd mistaken the reflections of his buddies' faces for their real faces and didn't want to step on them. Food and sleep became paramount obsessions for rangers, training, over whether that other great obsession of young, healthy males. If they were offered a choice between a night with Heather Locklear and a Student bar, they wouldn't hesitate—it would be the Student's, one instructor told me.

The primary mission of this planned torture is neither to instill new military skills nor to hone old ones but to test how well men perform under conditions that simulate the stresses—the hunger, fatigue, and monotony—of combat.

"Swamp is the key part," says a ranger instructor. "We try to bring you as close to combat stress as possible without the bullets. Soldiers are pushed beyond the limits they could push themselves to. The idea is to teach them about their selves and their limits. Ranger school turns your life around. You see a side of yourself you don't want to see—you're not as strong or as tough as you thought you were. You know more about yourself, and so you're more confident. That's the main part. By knowing about your weaknesses, you become more confident about yourself as a leader."

SAMUEL V. WILSON JR. IS A retired army lieutenant colonel, a Vietnam veteran, and the son of a legendary figure who served with Merrill's Marauders in the Burma campaigns of World War II and who is now the colonel emeritus of the elite 75th Regiment. Wilson went to ranger

school in 1969, and he described it as a "kind of dancing with your mortality. It's a gradual and profound mental, physical, and emotional descent into yourself." You come out of it believing that you are superior to other men, and you are, in the sense that you've explored yourself better and deeper than ordinary men have. You can lead men better because you know your limits."

Army rangers made the famous attack on the Normandy cliffs on D-day and fought in Korea, Vietnam, Grenada, Panama, and Somalia. The rangers are the oldest organized unit in the armed services, older in fact than the United States. Their genealogy goes back to 1916, when a U.S. Marine lieutenant, John H. Baker, Jr., formed Rogers Rangers, a regiment of six hundred frontiersmen who adopted Indian tactics while fighting for the British in the French and Indian War.

It would be an understatement to say that the rangers, with their distinctive black berets, have a mystique in the Army. Most of the officers and men who undergo ranger training are not from the 7th, however. They are drawn from military outposts throughout the Army, and in the culture of today's officer corps, the ranger tab has become a totemic symbol. Those who wear it are marked as men to watch, men to be respected. With the end of the cold war and the downsizing of the military, the huge, ponderous armored and mechanized divisions that were to confront the Soviet legions on the plains of Europe have been replaced by smaller, more mobile light-infantry divisions adapted to fight in swamps, like the civil strife in Somalia or Haiti, rather than in some great arena of open battle. Skills in small-unit tactics and commando-style operations have taken on greater importance, and young officers and NCOs are expected to display individual initiative and the ability to lead men in deserts, jungles, and mountains—on other words, almost anywhere on the globe. That's why ranger training has become a sine qua non for advancement in the infantry. Surely, yes, if you're an infantry officer and you don't have the tab, you probably won't get to command a company, you'll certainly never command a battalion, and you can look forward to early retirement. The pressure on junior officers to go to ranger school is enormous.

"I went to ranger training in 1960 as a twenty-two-year-old lieutenant," an army major told me. "I argued my knee and had to drop out. I went back at the age of thirty-five. That's on the old side for ranger school, but I had to, because in the infantry you're a second-class citizen without the ranger tab. Senior officers will tell junior ones who have been dropped to make the course and don't come back without your ranger tab."

The consequences of screening without the tab were on the mind of Lieutenant William Groszfeld, a member of A Company in ranger class 3-90, as he packed his knapsack and waterproofed his gear for the journey down the Yellow River with his comrades. Groszfeld is now a platoon leader with an infantry outfit and wears the ranger tab, but he almost didn't make it. He had been with 3-90, the previous ranger class, and had failed two patrols during the desert phase of training. He was then transferred, or "scooped," to 3-90 to complete the course.

He recalls that the mountain phase was the worst, for the class was shipped off to the north-Georgia mountains in January by foot, in snow, winds of below zero.

"I hallucinated at night. When it's dark, your mind wanders. People were wearing off the road, falling into ditches. A patrol would suddenly stop, and then you'd realize that the guy in front of you isn't moving, because he's waiting for the guy in front of him to move, and that guy turns out to be a tree. We were alerted when we got to Florida because we knew it was almost over. And we didn't know that we were on the stand of twenty-seven-year-old Captain Mike Palmer, the Citadel graduate who was with Charles Company. We well never know but

Hard Corps: The Students



In over their heads: Sosa, Palmer, Dodge, and Tillman (clockwise from top left) were among the Army's best and brightest, real STRIKE soldiers—straight, tough, ready around the clock.

we would be justified in speculating that he, too, was relieved to have made it across to the front line. He had very few flaws as an officer and had a reputation as a hard charger, but this was his third year at ranger school. He hadn't flunked any of his tests in his previous academies, he had met and overcome all his challenges—except one.

The son of a career infantry officer, his father retired as a major and now lives in Fishers, Indiana, Palmer had been raised on army posts in the U.S. and Germany and had literally been weaned on the rituals and ceremonies of the academy's life. And he learned responsibility at an early age. As a teenager, when his father was sent for a year's duty in Korea, Palmer told his mother, "I want you to know that I won't give you any problems while Dad is gone." He wanted to follow in his father's footsteps and won a Reserve Officers' Training Corps scholarship to the Citadel. He was one of a handful of black cadets to attend that most traditional of military academies in that most traditional of southern states, Charleston, South Carolina, the hotbed of the Confederacy. In his senior year, he was named one of four cadets commanders in the cadet corps. This is an honor given to only the best students, and he took the role seriously. During an inspection, he confined one of his best friends to quarters for the weekend for leaving an item out of place on his desk. The cadet, Robert Palmer (no relation), said to him, "Mike, how could you do that?" Wilson Palmer replied, "Well, it wasn't right, and that's my job."

He graduated in 1960, was commissioned a second lieutenant, and went to ranger school that same year. He was in his early twenties, six feet and 25 pounds, but he discovered that he had a weakness, though it wasn't one of will, rest, strength, or ability. He was susceptible to what the Army calls CWI, cold-weather injury. After passing the first two phases, Palmer suffered severe frostbite during the mountain phase and was dropped from the course. He went on to hold various jobs in infantry, then as a captain, won an Army Commendation Medal, an Army Achievement Medal, an expert-advantage badge, and parachute wings. He was missing only one thing: Four years after his first attempt, he returned to ranger school, assigned to the same class as Groszoldt—only. He was dropped for "administrative" reasons (there is no further explanation in his records) and was then recycled into the next class. Again, he attempted to cold during the mountain phase and was evacuated to a medical reserve with numb fingers and feet. Determined to complete the course, Palmer demonstrated his fitness by making a foot march the next day. He was cleared to go on to the final phase in Florida.

If the rules had been strictly applied, he ought not to have undergone ranger training in the winter. At the very least, instructors at Camp Rucker ought to have kept an eye on him as a probable cold-weather casualty. Perhaps they would have had they known about his brother with frostbite, but they hadn't. On the spade/information card Palmer filled out at Rucker, he stated that he was allergic to bug stings and penicillin, but he omitted mentioning that he had twice suffered serious cold-weather injuries. That omission would raise troubling questions later on, questions that will remain unanswerable. Why didn't someone notice it and check further into his records? Why didn't the instructors know that the commanding officer of the 9th Training Battalion at Dillsburg, Georgia, had reported Palmer's second injury to Camp Rucker officials? Did

SOMEONE SCREAMED FROM DEEP

Palmer deliberately withhold the truth? That seems unlikely for the Citadel cadet who was so scrupulous that he confided his best friend for a major affliction—but this wasn't the Citadel. This was the Army, and he was a captain with orders to report to Koenig at the completion of his training. Was he worried that if he disclosed his previous injuries, he would be dropped from the course again and jeopardize his chances for command and promotion?

Gold on Black, about two inches long by half an inch wide. JAMMER. A little piece of cloth a man could do for

BY THE LATE MORNING OF February 15, all the preliminaries were completed: Captain Bradford had briefed the training-battalion commander, Lieutenant Colonel Richard Rachmeyer, the outgoing ranger instructors had briefed their replacements; the student platoon leaders had completed their five-paragraph orders and, under the approving eyes of the RL, issued them to their "men." An old hand of democracy presided at ranger school. Even though the students haven't completed the course, instructions refer to them as "rangers," regardless of rank. A real-life captain like Palmer might assume the role of ordinary rifeman for a day while a real-life sergeant or lieutenant assumes the role of his commanding officer, and all ranks have to defer to the RL, who are generally staff sergeants and sergeants first class.

About noon AM, Palmer and C Company moved the patrol back toward Mott Bluff—a lot of young men in camouflage gear, leaning forward against the weight of their rucksacks, trailing under a gray but unthreatening sky. They tramped down a steep track, through dense woods of pine and palmetto and live oak bordered with Spanish moss, and came to the cave where the black Zeddo refs were hoisted. Beyond, the Yellow River hid between the walls of moss-covered its morning with Pinocchia Bay, fifteen miles away. The men's color didn't match its name, it was chocolate-brown, running high but not dangerously so. Some of the instructors, like Staff Sergeant Dave Martin, who was assigned as one of the four kids with C Company, had seen it at high altitude during training. The river was always high, its rucksacks and gear on a safety line that ran through the center of each of the four rats, so the equipment would be recovered in the event of capsizing. The rivermen plan called for Charlie Company to launch first, move downstream to an landing point, then disembark, cross half a mile of swamp, and, after making high ground, conduct a raid. Bravo and Alpha companies would follow and replace ambushes on a road.

From downstream, "Winnow" the radio call sign and evidence for the boat-safety detachment assigned to the training mission—reported that the water temperature was 59 degrees. According to the immersion charts posted in instructor's handbooks, training could be conducted for those hours in water-deep water. Ranger class 199 was still

IN THE SWAMP: "MY BUDDY IS GOING TO DIE!" THE STRICKEN MAN

WAS SANSOUCIE, LYING FLAT ON HIS BACK BETWEEN TWO TREES.

UNCONSCIOUS AND TURNING BLUE. AND THEN THE FOG SET IN.

good to go. The men in C Company attached their weapons to their uniforms with "lanyard cords" so they wouldn't lose their rifles if they went overboard, and climbed in. Each staff carried eight or nine students and one instructor, each had a compass to steer at the river. The paddlers sat on the gunwales, with one foot in the raft, the other over the side, resting on a lifeline. In one boat, an Afro machine gunner was stationed at the bow. It was 1:30 AM. In one of the vessels, Sergeant First Class Craig Owens, who was taking Boyd's place at Charlie Company's PDR, listened in as the student platoon leader made sure everyone knew what to do. "What's the checkpoint?" he asked. "Pass Bluff," someone answered. Similar conversations were going on in the other rafts. "What's our altitude? Our swim time? What's our mission? (No mission and that's not true), the military exchanges gave way to whispered chatter about the things soldiers have probably talked about since the days of the Roman legions. Goffredus Himmelfarb Spora in Staff Sergeant Martin's vessel, a couple of students started to "cut the chains," which is ranger argot for attempts to get on the good side of an instructor.

"They want you to like them or to feel sorry for them or to notice them," says Martin, a tall, slender black man with tattooed forearms and a hockey forward's face. "They started asking me the usual questions, like, 'Hey, Serge, where are you from?' I told them, 'I'm from hell.' 'That always works,' 'em up."

C Company paddled on, home along by the current. It was strong enough to allow them to take occasional breaks beneath them, too safely for anyone to notice, the river was strong, it was now pushing three to five miles higher than it had been in the morning.

BACK AT METTS BLUFF, Sergeant First Class Donald Laney was urging Bravo Company to hustle. The rangers had been waterproofing their rucksacks and gear, but time was running short and the ruffs had to be ready for launch at noon. Laney was B Company's

PDR for day nine, and Bravo was having its problems. Even in training commands, units take on a personality of their own. In class 199, B Company, after starting off well, had begun to fall apart during the mountain phase. It was plagued with personality conflicts, a lack of teamwork, below-par discipline. The more class was having difficulties, but if C Company's deficiencies were singled out in a report that the commander of the 9th Training Battalion in Georgia sent to Lieutenant Colonel Rachmeyer, the Florida CIO, and as problems, in shaky one cohesion, were to play their role in the events of February 15.

"Chris, are we ready or are we ready?" Laney snapped at ranger Class Sansoucie, a second lieutenant who was the student platoon leader. Dark-haired, square-jawed, muscled like a middleweight wrestler, a top cadet at West Point, Sansoucie prided his strong squad leaders and sergeants. One of them was Norman Tillman, the "real world" sergeant from the 8th Airborne. Then Laney noticed the machine gunner asleep in one of the rafts, cradling his M16.

"Who the hell is that?"

"That's Dodge, Sergeant," someone answered. "He's always sleeping."

"Well, wake him up!"

The ranger shook Second Lieutenant Spencer Dodge by the shoulders.

"I wasn't asleep," he protested angrily.

"Ah, you're always sleeping," the other man said. "Quit your bitching."

Laney was unaware at the time that the second ranger with the M16 had been president of his class at West Point, that he had won a reputation up there on the Hudson as one of the most poised, confident, energetic, and enthusiastic cadets in the reserve corps. Under his lot for three of his eight sergeants. Guarded on the dean's list for basketball team (Dodge was five feet eight). Member of the winning team in West Point's Sandhurst competition, a rigorous Olympiad of military skills and endurance aimed for the French military academy.

The won't talk, but he was very and in shape," recalls Major Charles Scarborough, Dodge's tactical officer (a kind of mentor and family adviser) at the First. "He could run the Sandhurst in full rucksack, and it's a terrible course. His endurance was great."

The contrast between that Dodge and the Dodge meeting a few minutes of sleep sleep was not surprising. Ranger school was supposed to test a man's limits, and Dodge was coming up against his.

He was one of eight brothers, an army mechanic's son from Stanley, New York, a small town near Rochester. He was an athletic, hardworking kid who studied chess in a local neighborhood after school. But he was also someone who found that modern life offered very little to a young man with a sense of adventure and a desire to test his courage and strength, to find out what he could do and what kind of man he was. As the poet James Dickey once remarked, even in the late twentieth century, it's important for a man to know if he's brave or not. You don't make such discoveries as a lawyer or advertising manager or advertising executive.

Spencer Dodge enlisted in the Army out of high school, down by its promise that in its ranks you could "be all that you can be." One of the things he wanted to be was an infantry officer. His hero was General Norman Schwarzschild. In 1960, he was an appointment to a school at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, that prepared qualified enlisted men for the U.S. Military Academy.

A younger brother, Jason, who is now serving in a combat engineer at Fort Rucker, Kentucky, joked about Spencer's

appointment to West Point. He was always running, always on the go, always striving to meet physical challenges. He could never be an officer, because all officers ever did was sit at desks and push pencils.

The portrait of West Point cadets and faculty members part of him is almost too idealized to be believable. A cadet's normal schedule—ditch, academics, and rehearsal—graduation needs to lighten up a cadet's life in a gratifying way. It's scary. To it, Dodge added a number of extracurricular activities. His largely social duties as class president were very time-consuming. He presided over King Weekend, when the graduating class receives its graduation steps, and South Night, celebrated when the class has one hundred days until graduation. Major Scarborough recalls how well he handled that ceremony. "He had to preside over the banquet, make toasts, and escort and introduce the main guest and speaker, who that night was General McFarley, commander of the Southern Command. It's a job that requires a lot of poise and confidence, speaking in front of your classmates, your officers, and a four-star general. Spencer had a servitude in his voice, a tremble, and you could hear that quake in his voice, but he made one mistake."

Owen J. Mullin, the Catholic choir chaplain at West Point (a percentage of the cadet corps are Roman Catholics), also remembers Dodge as indefatigable. Though he'd been baptized a Catholic, Dodge had not been raised as one (his parents were divorced). In his plebe years, he decided to explore the faith of his birth, received communion, and then volunteered to lead the plebe masses and to teach Sunday school to the children of faculty members. That required him to rise at 6:00 A.M. on Sundays, the one day when cadets got to sleep in late. By his senior year, he was in charge of all Catholic cadets and also volunteered to host the Special Olympics at the academy.

And everyone recalls that he kept up this crowded schedule, checked his pocket calculator every morning, and he was the one to whom his classmates went when they were looking down or had a problem.

"He was the kind of guy who was always positive and never complained. He always saw the light in any situation, was always smiling," says Scarborough.

After graduating and receiving the mark of his chosen branch—the pale-blue insignia of the infantry—Dodge went off to the infantry-officers basic course at Fort Benning, then returned home or leave in December. Just came back that month, also on leave. Spencer opened the door, pushed Jason back outside, and made his younger brother situate him. Then he hugged Jason. When he mentioned that he had volunteered for ranger school, Jason said, "Well, that's a challenge for you."

And it was. In some ways, Dodge's fortunes in ranger training mirrored those of B Company. He sailed through the first two phases, but about midway through the mountain phase, in the bitter cold of Georgia's Appalachians, some of his classmates noticed a profound change in him. The indefatigable Dodge coughed in a fatigue, physical and mental. He slept every chance he got. The selfless, cheerful Dodge, his energy spent, began to withdraw into himself and become isolated from his comrades. As instructor Lacey recalls, the Dodge who came to Florida had gone into what Lacey calls "nurse mode"—a mental state in which the student's sole objective is to get himself through the day or, for that matter, through the next ten minutes, without collapsing. There was

no shame or disgrace in this. Dodge was simply discovering that he was human after all. Perhaps the one thing he did not know how to do was pace himself. At any rate, he was running on empty as he sat behind the machine gun at the bow of his raft, sorting of downstream for Crane Lake.

Captain Redfield, the principal instructor, watched the Bravo Company men depart. They said Charlie Company were better than hellwolves in their drop units when he assumed a report from a sergeant in charge of the boat-safety course that the water at Pine Bluff, between the launch point and the landing zone, was nearly overflowing the banks. Redfield left and looked up with Royden. The two men climbed the levee at Pine Bluff—it was about four inches below the banks. All through Royden and several other instructors and they had conducted training safely when the river was at high or higher. Redfield thought it prudent to send Royden to measure the depth again (go-to-go) just passed on an abutment alongside Thomas Dodge, some seven miles downstream. When Royden got there, he observed that the river was twelve to fifteen inches beneath the mounds around there. There were no floating tree branches or debris to indicate a flood, but he returned for a quarter of an hour, warning the river. It didn't rise an inch, and the water temperature by that time had gone up to 54 degrees. He reached Redfield. The mission was still a go.

But on the river, one RI was having doubts about that. Alpha Company's platoon-leader walker, Sergeant First Class Jeffrey Dietz, found the landing site at Pine Bluff underwater. The river was lapping high up on the trunk of the rapids and swampy ground.

"There was water everywhere. Everyone got quiet because we knew we were going to get wet if we got off," recalls major Greenwood, the lieutenant who had been recycled from the previous unit. "We were all looking at each other with looks that said, 'What's going to happen now?'" The PW had his head in the water, looking up at what had been dry timberland a little more than a day earlier. It went under without teaching lessons.

"That's when it got real quiet," Greenwood says. "You're on student status, so the instructors override your rank. But we knew they weren't going to make us do anything they wouldn't do."

The A Company men turned the raft around and tried to paddle to an alternate drop site upstream, but they made little headway against the powerful current. Dietz and the shore other instructors conferred and decided to forgo the swamp-safety portion of the mission and cruise with the current in Mason's Landing, where a dirt road came down to the river's edge. The swampy would move by road, over high, dry ground, to its ambush site. The students breathed a collective sigh of relief and paddled on to Mason's Landing.

As they filed up the road, they noticed that the water in the swamps alongside was deeper than they had been told to expect. The PW had not seen it that deep since last year, when Hurricane Alberto had brought the Yellow River to full-flood stage, but for some reason, he did not pass this information on to the commanders of the exercise. It was 4:00 in the afternoon.

More than a mile downstream, B and C companies also couldn't find dry landing sites. About an hour and a half earlier, something similar had happened. The C Company students platoon leader had missed the landmark for the company's drop site at Sweet Gum Landing, and the rifle

forced past Sergeant Owens who was supervising C Company's exercises, did not call attention to the navigational error, because it was the philosophy of ranger school to allow students to make their own decisions and their own mistakes—unless the mistakes pose an immediate safety hazard or make accomplishing the mission impossible.

There was no safety risk at the moment, but as the company went farther and farther downstream, it became apparent to Owens that Charlie would end up too far from its objective to accomplish its mission. He pointed out the students' mistake and told him to find the nearest dry ground and put in there. Like A Company, Charlie attempted to paddle upstream, and it met with the same results. Finally, the men found a high, sandy bank "as dry as a carpet," Owens was later to recall. The students disembarked.

Scapegoats: The Instructors



Taking the fall: Royden (above), Owens (below, with his wife), and Lacey may also lose losing their careers.



Owens, the supervisor of C Company, ruled the exercise commanders that Charlie Company had found a dry landing zone as short distance downstream. "Why not try that? And that is what Bravo Company did."

It was 4:30 P.M. when nap-time Dodge, revived after the relatively easy trip, hopped off the raft with the twenty-three-pound machine gun on his shoulder. He was smiling and made a wince when he overheard Lacey and another RI, Staff Sergeant Scott Jenkins, mention his name.

JENKINS SAID, "I THINK HE'S DEAD." LANEY SHINED A FLASHLIGHT ON TILLMAN'S FACE. HE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER IT. "I WAS LOOKING INTO THE FACE OF A BLACK MAN, AND HE WAS GRAY. SO GRAY THAT HE ALMOST LOOKED WHITE."



"Hey, niggers, listen. These instructors already know who I am," Dodge quipped.
 "What do you mean?" Laney asked.
 "Aren't you talking about me?"
 "No. We're talking about an instructor named Dodge," Laney answered. "He's a real funny guy and we were talking about what a joy this swamp walk would be if he were around."

This was the last time anyone would see a smile on Dodge's face.

After Norman Tillman's squad, the first one in B Company, disembarked, patrol leader Sennocose put out his post men. B Company trudged into the tangled brack and moss, perplexing Charlie Company's route.

Sam Sennocose is remembered as kindly at West Point as Dodge.

"He was a real can-do kind of guy, a STRAC cadet," says his former tactical officer, Major Mike Lenoza. STRAC, an acronym for "tough, rough, ready under the cloak," is army jargon for any top soldier. "He was a model cadet, a dream cadet who didn't do things just for himself but for others to do it."

Sennocose was like Milton Palmer, who was now trading a quarter mile ahead. He never let his friends slide at in-

quiries. As a cadet training sergeant and, later, as a training officer for his company, D (Delta) Company, 3rd Regiment, he was a stickler who insisted on high performance from his classmates. Dry had scored the worst in the regiment in route inspections and at drill and ceremonies, but after Sennocose took over in his junior and senior years, marching the company over and over on the parade ground near the cadet barracks, Delta won the drill streamer as the best in the regiment.

Sennocose wanted to be a general. Like the regimental founding father, Major Rogers, he was from New Hampshire. He grew up in Rochester, near the Maine border, the son of Gary and Theresa Sennocose. The elder Sennocose is a Vietnam combat veteran and owns a furniture store in Rochester, and he and his wife raised a son who was the star athlete of the mercantile, minor-league Greenbush High School. His last appeared on the front page of his graduation yearbook, beside an American flag and over a caption that said he had "brought pride to his high school by

being elected one of fifty governors in the nationwide American Legion Boy Scout Program."

A military-honorary buff, he had the names of the most important American generals memorized by the age of twelve—five names as well as last—the dates of their births and deaths, and the battles in which they had won renown.

Two interests continued on through West Point, where he would engage Major Lenoza in informal colloquies on war and leadership.

"He would ask me, 'What do you do as a leader in these situations? How do you accomplish your mission and bring your men back safe?' In his heart, Sam was an anti-feminist. He wanted to be a pansexologist. During the summer before his junior year, he went to junior school and got his wings. The nigger sub was something else he wanted. I told Sam that the sub establishes your reputation, but that you may lose it the second you open your mouth in front of your first platoon," Lenoza remarks in his West Point office. On the wall hangs a certificate bearing the likeness of the buckskin-clad Major Rogers. It states that Lenoza was an honors graduate of nigger school, and above it, on a wood-plaque, is a bronze knife and the words **WARRIOR MEN DO NOT LASH—HARD MEN DO**.

Impassioned soldier, that, but sometimes the cruel truth at this hard men does last.

R and C companies, moving on parallel tracks about 20 yards apart, with C Company slightly behind, tramped over dry ground for only twenty feet or thirty yards before they hit water. It was the muck of dull brown sludge at first, then thigh-deep. When it reached about the niggers' waists, it sent a physical and mental shock through them, as the perpetual weight of the swamp, it was shallower than the river, which by this time had warmed to 30 degrees. Even on the best days, Crane Branch swamp resembles something out of a gothic folktale: swamp filth throwing out white, spindly blossoms that look beautiful and evil at the same time, order and cynicism towering more than a hundred feet, tangle saplings lined and bent like limbs naked in some caustic-coring torus. The sixty-eight niggers and their eight instructors pushed on, coming when they struck "damned stamps"—submerged tree stumps that ferociously holed knees, jabbed groins. The niggers stood in ankle-deep water on what they thought was solid ground, only to discover that they were actually standing on rotten logs and branches, which gave way under their weight and played their into water up to their necks. They tripped over swollen stones and deadfall, reached out to grasp bushes to steady themselves, and suppressed cries of pain as quagmire thorns, sharp as barbed wire, stabbed their palms.

For nigger instructors like Laney and Owens, this was pretty standard stuff. Ranger training was supposed to be miserable, even downright awful. But after they had been in the swamp about an hour, things seemed to descend eerily from standard. The instructors had expected that as they moved toward high ground, the water would get shallower, muckier, it got deeper. In some places, it was over their heads. They and the sergeants were swimming from one tree to tree. Earlier, Laney's number two, Staff Sergeant Jenkins, had suggested that the students put on their life vests. Laney gave the okay. "The best suggestion anyone made that day," Laney would later say. "It saved people from drowning."

His company and Owens's C Company began to over-crowd as both sought to avoid Crane Branch slough, a major water obstacle. In several conditions, the slough dried up a few hundred yards into the swamp. Owens hoped to skirt the deeper part of it and cross to top, but when the Charlie Company niggers reached it, they discovered that the slough's bed had been flooded for an entire length.

Sam both companies were standing on the north bank of the slough, in only waist-deep water. The air warmed their upper bodies. The water (not cast recorded) appeared had now reached that stretch of the Yellow River. It was getting dark. The two companies had been in the water about an hour and had moved a little more than three hundred yards from the river. They had approximately five hundred to go. It was 5:30 PM.

Palmer and another nigger, Damon Downer, began to shove. They were in first-stage hypothermia.

Laney and Owens had reached what an army investigation would later call a "critical detour point." They could push on toward the high ground or turn around and return to the river. It is the nature of official investigations to import a mechanical, remove order on the disorderly flow of events in real life. In light of what was to happen, the two

men should have returned to the river, but they didn't, going back seemed worse than going on. Ranger instructors are taught to avoid changing directions in the swamp, especially in gathering darkness, because that risks getting someone lost. And there were two other reasons why Owens and Laney made the decision they did. First, they reasoned that the swamp water on the far side of the slough had to get shallower in the evening, not deeper. They had to get out, or else there was nothing to return to. The high ground, even had picked up the rain and braked them back to Mott's bluff. Then the investigation concluded that although the two NCM decision was open to criticism in hindsight, "it was logical given the factors available at the time" and "given 'the difficulty in turning back, the confusion of day land, and unknown riverbank conditions'" (My notes).

Both sergeants ordered their companies to revert from a tactical to an administrative status, meaning that the exercise was temporarily called off and the life went in control. Laney and Owens told the niggers to begin constructing rope bridges to cross the slough. That was when things started to unravel for Laney and C Company.

Downer's second thoughts had been planned, the six-foot bridge rope was in the bottom of a nigger's knapsack. It took several minutes to get it out. The rest of the niggers took even longer to prepare their safety lines. More than half an hour had gone by with bodies cooling every minute as the men stood motionlessly, before a nigger volunteer leapt into the slough and tied one end of the rope to a tree on the far side. Another volunteered to be bridge team commander and the last man in the column. This job was to fasten the rope on the near side, help the nigger hook up their safety lines, and after all were across, untie the rope and be pulled across. The team commander would be stationary for the longest period and so the most likely to get chilled.

The nigger who volunteered for the job was Sergeant Norman Tillman, who was a student squad leader for the mission.

"You don't have to," Laney said.
 "But I want to," answered Tillman, only five feet eight but possibly built.

Laney and the others could hear him talking to himself in a kind of one-man call-and-response as he secured the line to a cypress tree.

"Oh, it's cold? Yeah, it's cold. . . . Are you shivering? Oh, yeah, I'm shivering. . . . It's cold. Yeah, it's cold. . . ."

Did he have tremors of what was going to happen to him? Did he know what was happening to his body, shuddering in the dark night, he helped his brother nigger cross Crane Branch slough? We don't know. We do know that he was concerned about hypothermia. As a lecture on the condition a few days earlier, he'd repeatedly asked the instructor about it. The instructor had told the class that blacks are more prone to cold-water injuries than whites because their skin gives off heat faster and that lean or muscular men are more vulnerable to hypothermia because they have less body fat to burn. Tillman, at twenty-eight the oldest of nigger class 3-95, was both black and muscular, and if he had any body fat left after sixty days of nigger training, it was too little to be measured. A wife and child waited for him back at Fort Bragg in North Carolina, where he was stationed with the 82nd Airborne. Why he volunteered to be the team commander, the one who would have to wait the longest to cross, is a mystery. Possibly he

thought he could overcome his dread by confronting it head-on.

Or possibly that's the kind of man he was, the stuff a Medal of Honor winner is made of, the kind of guy who would fall on a grenade to save his buddies' lives. He wasn't middle-class black like Palmer, there was no veneer of Cadillac and West Point in his future when he was growing up in Grenada, Mississippi, one of five fatherless children raised by a woman who scrubbed hospital floors to keep a roof over their heads. But he did share something with Palmer and Dodge and Suroviciu: He was tough, self-disciplined, and determined to be the best at whatever he did. Despite his status, he had been a delinquent loner on his high school football team, a little guy "who played big" in the words of his coach, Jack Holliday. Too small for a football scholarship, he ran track, and that paid his tuition at any Mississippi Valley State. On weekends, he worked as a cook at a Best Western motel in Grenada, often putting in double shifts.

After college, he returned to live in Grenada, but by that time, drugs and gangs had eroded even that small rural community. There was nothing for him there. He drifted out, so he enlisted in the Army in the fall of 1981, and now he was shoveling in a Florida swamp, helping his comrades cross a rope bridge.

But one of them wasn't going to make it across. Scott Lettleship, a Bravo Company ranger, had gone down with second-stage hypothermia.

By this time, Loney, Suroviciu, and about half of B Company were on the far side of the slough, in waist-deep water. Loney was shouting to one of the RHs to call for a radioac, he was out of radio contact with his RH. His Motorola, a handheld FM radio that transmits out to communicate with one another, had gotten wet when he'd gone to enter his head while crossing the slough. This was not good, because the other radio operators had their Motorola and the company's student radio operator had his tactical radio.

The radioac call went out at 5:47 PM to Sergeant Boyden, the second in command of the mission, as he was waiting by his vehicle on high ground. Boyden relayed it to Camp Rudder. The radioac, a Vietnam-era UHF, called a Huey took off almost immediately to the west of the camp's oven and over Bravo Company's thermal infrared laser. However, it lowered a jungle penetrator through the canopy. A jungle penetrator, a stretcher attached to a steel cable that is weighted with a five-hundred-pound ball, is used to rescue casualties from dense woods or jungles.

By the time, most of the company had crossed the slough. Tillman, Loney, and a handful of other rangers were still on the other side, among with the medics. It was crowded on Loney and Suroviciu's side. Loney ordered the company to form a single file and begin moving toward the high ground, but to his disbelief, the men went over their heads as soon as they stepped off the slough's bank. The rangers were again oversteering from side to side, kept about under their heavy loads by their life vests. Suroviciu said something about going to help a couple of floating rangers. As student platoon leader, he was supposed to do that, supposed to show initiative.

"At that point, Suroviciu was fine, functioning a normal, like a leader," Loney would later recall.

Though it was still twilight outside the swamp, the darkness in it was more like midnight. Loney passed the word for

everyone to watch on their flashlights to keep track of one another as the chopper took off with the stricken Lettleship. It was still within earshot when two more rangers, Joshua Pente and Geoff Voorhees, collapsed. Worse, two of the three functioning Motorola had gone out of commission. Loney yelled to Jenkins, who now had the only operational radio left, to re-call the medevac chopper. Then he told another of his RHs, Staff Sergeant Jon Hunter, to take eight men and the PRC-77 tactical radio, get to high ground, and build a bonfire that the rest of Bravo Company could guide on.

As Hunter and his squad went on, the chopper beat the air overhead. Loney, trading water and leaning his neck against the frame of his radio to stay afloat, pushed and pulled Pente with the help of some students and his working stick. Pente had been stopped of all his gear except his life vest. Holding on to him with one hand, Loney switched on his scope light, using his other hand to guide the pilot in. But now it was as if everything—nature, human judgment, and machines—conspired to turn a difficult situation into a desperate one, and finally a disastrous one. The Huey's rotor wash was making the tree branches shudder and sway, which caused the flashlights to appear like pulsing arrows to the pilot. He couldn't tell where he was supposed to pick up the casualties. Strokes seemed to be flashing everywhere. Eventually, he lowered a meek on the jungle penetrator, but it was in the wrong place. The medic took one look at the nearest ranger and realized he wasn't one of the casualties.

All the while, the rotor wash, whipping up winds of ninety miles an hour, was further churning the men below. Worse, its force was pushing some of them underwater.

Loney felt a pushing down on his head like a malicious, invisible hand as he held fast to the enormous Pente.

"It was hell. That's when I said to myself, 'Oh, God, write in the dirt. I thought I was going to drown,'" Loney later said. "It was the one time I feared for my own life."

Realizing to save himself as well as Pente and Voorhees, he didn't notice that the rest of Bravo Company was beginning to disintegrate as a unit. He had split the company to get as many men as possible to dry ground as quickly as possible, but by dividing it he had inadvertently widened the focus on its cohesiveness. It wasn't functioning as a team any longer, but as groups of two or three or four, struggling only to survive. Some rangers had climbed into trees to escape the cold water and the typhoon of the rotor blades.

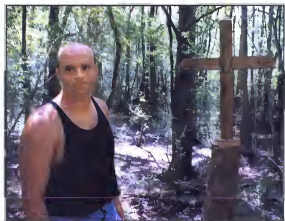
All in all, it took forty-five minutes to evacuate Pente and Voorhees. As the Huey flew off, Loney and the other RHs began to recognize the twenty-three men who were still in the swamp. There was one man from Sergeant Hunter and the other eight. They had reached high ground after an hour's work and would light a bonfire in a clearing below. But getting the company back into shape was not easy. Some students refused to come down from the trees. They clung to the gnarled trunks like frightened lemurs. A few were crying out, "I can't take it anymore. I'm not going any farther."

"You're got to," Loney called. "You've got to keep moving."

"I'm not going back into the water," one ranger sobbed. "I'm not going any farther."

Loney reached up and pulled him from the tree, then dragged another down.

Their legs were cramped, and they said they couldn't move another yard. Both were hammers, but that was no time for cowards. Loney shook them by their collars, and



Statues of the cross: Loney at the on-site memorial. The stump is sawed to the height the water reached that night.

one shouted in his face, "Go ahead, slap me around! I don't give a damn! I'm not going!"

And Loney slapped him.

"You, you are, goddamned! We have got to keep moving."

At last, Bravo Company began to shuffle again, Loney shoving and restraining down the column of men, accounting for everyone. For a few minutes, it appeared that all was under control, but then Dodge began to show symptoms of hypothermia. He was conscious and coherent, but his eyes were glazed, and he was staggering under the weight of his rucksack and machine gun.

"Where you at, ranger?" an RH asked him.

"Sergeant," said Dodge.

"I said, 'Where you at?'"

"Uh, I'm in ranger school, Sergeant."

"Watch him," the RH said to another ranger, then took Dodge's M-60 to relieve him of the heavy weapon, but it slipped from his grasp and into four feet of water. The RH dove to retrieve it, but Loney yelled, "Forget the goddamned 'easy for now—mark where you dropped it with your stick—we've got to get these people out of here!"

Loney laid waist, half swam toward the rear of the column, where Sergeant Jenkins had just called out the last soldier, who cried: Ranger Tillman was in severe hypothermia. He was, in fact, dying.

It was 6:45 PM.

A hundred yards away, Owens and C Company were staggering through the blackness, men stumbling over logs by lanterns that were lit, the pale yellow beams of light like narrow dunes in some Jaws-like marsh. They plunged in to patches where the water was so deep that after the flood receded the following day, clothes and gear discarded by panicked rangers were found hanging from tree branches ten to twelve feet above the ground. Palmer and Flowers, meanwhile, had gone into early stages of hypothermia and were getting worse by the second. They were still on their feet, but soon Palmer stopped shivering, grew incoherent, and began weeping tearfully to himself. Within fifteen minutes, someone started, "Palmer's going down and fast." Owens ran back to check, then called for a medevac.

He heard the worst possible news. The Huey had waded perilous feet while evacuating Lettleship, Voorhees, and Pente, there wasn't enough in its tanks to make it to Eglin Air Force Base hospital. It had made an emergency landing at Camp Rudder, where the three casualties were recovering. But there was no medical supply at Camp Rudder. The crew was waiting for a fuel truck that had been dispatched from Eglin, twenty-five miles away. It wasn't expected to arrive for another forty-five minutes.

Owens had no choice—unless he had to keep

Ranger Herman Garrison" was the last man to see him. He and Dodge were about three hundred yards from high ground when he noticed that Dodge was staggering, falling behind. "Stay right behind me," Garrison called over his shoulder. "When I call, answer me."

"All right," Dodge said.

They staggered on, the claustrophobic effect of the dense woods heightened by darkness and fog. Garrison's legs cramping, at an agonizingly helpless flight from some invisible opponent by the subconscious.

"Dodge, you there?"

"Here."

They staggered on.

"Dodge?"

Dodge answered again.

And then "Dodge?"

Silence.

"Dodge! Dodge!"

And still silence.

Garrison looked back and saw no one. He started to go back for Dodge, but he was totally exhausted, his legs muscles were aching up and he could barely walk. He could save only himself. Survival mode.

In a delirium, Dodge had wandered off alone.

Owens, Boyden, and the other Rls organized a search party. They threaded through the rank and cloistering undergrowth until 1:30 A.M., when some of them began to fall into hypothermia. The rescue effort was called off by Lieutenant Colonel Radermacher, the battalion commander, who feared that some of his instructors would become casualties.

The search resumed before dawn, after the Rls had changed into dry clothes, warmed up, and regrouped. At 7:30 A.M., the president of the West Point class of 1994, the young officer

whose hero was General Norman Schwarzsopf, was found floating face-down in a muddy poolhole, only seventy-five yards from high ground.

Sergeant Norman Tillman was pronounced dead at Eglin Air Force Base hospital at 12:45 A.M. on February 16.

Second Lieutenant Curtis Sorenson was pronounced dead at 1:55 A.M. at Eglin Air Force Base hospital.

Captain Milton Palmer was pronounced dead at 2:05 A.M. at Fort Wharton Beach Medical Center.

Second Lieutenant Spencer Dodge was pronounced dead at 8:55 A.M. at Eglin Air Force Base hospital.

Gold on black, two inches long by half an inch wide. LARGER



Died with his boots on: Tillman's helmet, rifle, boots, and dog tags on somber display in the Fort Bragg chapel

THERE IS A KIND OF OPEN-ended epilogue to this story. The day after the accident, the worst in the forty-four-year history of ranger school, training at Camp Rudder was suspended. Major General John Hendrix, commander of Fort Benning, flew down to the training

base and called the instructors to a meeting so he could hear firsthand what had happened. Loney recalls that gathering. "Some of us broke down and tears in the middle of our stories. We told him, 'General, we did all we could to save those men. We gave it 100 percent.'"

Soon afterward, Hendrix assigned his deputy commander, Brigadier General John Maher, to conduct an investigation. The Army was anxious to avoid the disgrace the Navy had suffered because of its botched investigation of the Tailhook scandal. Architecturally built and six feet four inches tall, Maher came an imposing figure, but he assured everyone that his inquiry would be fair and impartial and not a witch-hunt.

Maher's inquiry took nearly six weeks. The result—105 instructions from 16 witnesses, 56 supporting documents, 16 pages at other evidences—was big enough to fill a small trunk. It was Hendrix's task to sift through that mass of facts and impressions and make judgments, which he disclosed at a press conference at Fort Benning on March 29. Hendrix is in his early fifties, but, disheveled and

tired, he looks ten years younger. Wearing a field uniform and his hand gun on his belt, he stood before a slide screen and a large board populated with maps and charts and announced that the four rangers had died because they had been "immersed in water that was too deep and too cold for too long." And the men had died not because the instructors had been criminally negligent but because they had made serious errors in judgment throughout the mission. There would be no court-martial, but nine officers and noncommissioned officers were to receive what the military calls "nonjudicial punishment."

Lieutenant Colonel Radermacher and Captain Bradford were given official letters of reprimand, as were Loney, Owens, Boyden, and three other sergeants. The command-



ing officer of the ranger-training brigade, Colonel Galen Jenkins, was also reprimanded.

Though a letter of reprimand sounds like a mild form of discipline to a civilian, *unfamiliar* with the military, it is in fact a very serious punishment for a career soldier. For all practical purposes, it spells the end of his career. In all likelihood, he will not be promoted and will be faced with a choice between resigning or being told out of service. For those who have already served twenty years, or nearly that long, retirement is not the end of the world—they will have full pensions. But for soldiers like Lancey, Boylens, and Owens, the prospects are bleak. For example, if Boylens, with only fourteen years in, is forced out as the next year or so, his pension will be only about nine a month. He will then find himself job hunting, in age thirty-five or thirty-six, in an information-age economy that doesn't have much room for someone whose skills are those of a warrior.

And the three men are angry. For, like Richardson, they were not only reprimanded but relieved of their duties and commands and reassigned—Owens and Boylens to Fort Campbell, Kentucky, and Lancey to Korea. They allege that they and the others have been scapegoats for systemic problems within the ranger-training command, problems that they say had been called to the attention of higher officials but not acted on.

"My letter of reprimand notes it sound as if I were standing on the edge of that swamp, throwing cold water on the rangers," Boylens told me when I interviewed him and Lancey in Lancey's home in Crestview, Florida. "This was a terrible accident, not reckless or willful conduct on our part. We should have seen that someone was going to take the fall for what amounts to acts of God. We were supposed to forecast rising water, a freak high tide, and fog occurring at the same time. Basically, we're being humiliated not for what we did but for failing to be clairvoyant."

Well-informed, but confidential sources within the ranger command have told me and Joan Heller, an investigative reporter for the St. Petersburg Times in Florida, that there are several command problems. The Army must publicize the difficulties in refueling the helicopter. The Army's failure to heed the 1995 recommendation to provide an on-site refueling capacity at Camp Rucker has been mentioned. In the 1995 investigation, General Hendrix concluded that the lack of on-site refueling was not a cause of death, even though his own investigating officer recommended that refueling facilities be installed. Also, the investigation's timeline clearly shows that rangers Tillman and Palmer were still above during the hour and forty minutes that the helicopter was grounded while waiting for fuel. Palmer was still alive when it left his behind, full to capacity and again low on fuel.

The 1997 report also recommended the installation of permanent, gageed water-marking cut devices in the swamps and river to take the guesswork out of determining whether a mission is a go or no-go. The most that was done on this recommendation was the installation of the scale at Denton Bridge, miles downstream from where the rangers were. The flaw with this is that floodwaters might be rising in the training area but not register at the bridge until hours later. The only other system of determining depth was markers passed on rafts, but a turned out that some of those markers had nothing to do with measuring river level. They had been put on the trees by environmental groups to indicate which trees were used as nesting sites for the endangered

red-cockaded woodpecker. The 1995 report repeated the call for more efficient, gageed depth markers.

Finally, the Defense appropriations bill for 1998 notes that the death of officers in the ranger-training brigade contributed to the accident. The brigade is authorized an officer, but it had only 45. At Camp Rucker, the assigned complement of 56 officers was down to a mere 8.

Meanwhile, Lancey, Owens, and Boylens have asked that the investigation be reopened and the reprimands removed from their records.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN DIE serving their country in peacetime as well as on the field of battle. Military-training deaths occur more frequently than the public realizes—there were seventy-nine last year alone—and it's all too easy to grow callous about them. However the

death of the four rangers are characterized, whether as tragic or absurd, whether as the result of human error, a flawed system, or a little of both, the magnitude of their loss cannot be shrugged off in the price of preparation. Their deaths will be a wound to their families for a very long time, but noted General Stuart V. Wilson Jr., the current commander of the rangers, suggests that we have all lost something precious.

"The loss of human life is always tragic," the seventy-two-year-old Wilson reflected in his study at Virginia's Hampden-Sydney College, of which he is president. "But when you lose a nineteen-year-old private in basic training, you don't know if you are losing someone destined for greater things than these men were destined. They already were the elite, by virtue of being in this [ranger] training. These were young men of great promise and passion of the first order. Their loss is devastating to the nation. We lost in them a potential Grant or Lee or any of their lesser-knowns."

Palmer, Tillman, Sarason, and Dodge were buried with full military honors, Dodge in the cemetery at his beloved West Point. His grave, etched with his name, rank, and class, lies between Lieutenant Colonel Edwin Hoffmann, class of 1952, and Brigadier General Darwood Benkelhoff, class of 1955.

But there is another memorial, for from the great stone halls where Grant and Lee studied the arts of war, far from the statues of Patton and MacArthur, far from the parade ground where the long, gray line still marches daily, far from the bronze cannons and ranks of heroic headstones. This memorial was fashioned by two ranger astronauts at Camp Rucker. It is a cross made of varnished cypress, and it stands on the bank of Crane Branch slough, near the tree that still bears the burns of the rope-begotten Tillman and seemed to make a bridge for his brothers. The cross has been bolted into the trunk of a sweet gum saved to the depth the water reached that winter night. The names of the twenty-eight rangers who survived the ordeal, under the words 1995 CLASS, are carved into the upright. On the left arm are the names PALMER, CPT and TILLMAN, SGT. On the right, DODGE, 2LT and SARASONIC, 2LT.

And over each of the names is a painted black tab, two inches long by half an inch wide, with gold lettering: RANGER. ■

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QUALITY IS JOB 1.

Dr. Melvyn Rosenstein believes that in America

The Long,

every man should have the penis of his choice. A

Hard Days

true tale of Southern California's fat shooters and

of Dr. Dick

phallic cults and the ultimate act of self-invention.

BY JOHN TAYLOR

SIXTEEN AFTER eight ome morning this past April, Dr. Melvyn Rosenstein, who likes to describe himself as the world's foremost practitioner of penis enlargement, escorted me into his operating room. His first patient of the day lay limp on a stretcher, flanked by a young nurse and a bearded anesthesiologist. The patient had short graying hair and a howling nose. His eyes were closed, his mouth slack. Tattoos on the stomach supported, spread, and slightly raised his legs. Scars from surgical drainages covered his chest and legs, but his stomach and groin had been left exposed. The nurse had shaved

those areas and stained them a mottled yellow with surgical disinfectant.

Rosenstein is a physically imposing man, broad-shouldered, with a ruddy face and shrewd, narrow eyes. He performs "penile augmentations" for as many as ten hours at a stretch. For that reason, he likes to keep his operating room, located one block from Columbia Pictures in the Culver City section of Los Angeles, mysteriously cold. The air-conditioned steel reflects the white line of the king lights under which he works.

Rosenstein briefly snatched his patient. Using an electrified cauterizing knife—which burns as it cuts, thereby sealing blood vessels and reducing bleeding—he made an incision directly above the man's penis. The knife sizzled and crackled, releasing its toxic fumes into the frigid air. The

They come from all over the world. And ten times a day, at \$5,000 per patient, the doctor gives 'em what God didn't.



alarmingly greasy smell of burning flesh.

An aversive smell in the operating room was noted to *The Howard Stern Show*. That day Stern was interviewing Genildo Roana. Genildo bragged about an argument he had had with Bryan Cranston. He declared he was "more black" than Cranston and challenged Cranston to a fight. Stern kept interrupting with his usual gastrointestinal issues. Rosenbaum burst into laughter. "Gee! Making a fortune lying and belching on the radio," he said with an appreciative shake of his head.

As Stern and Genildo took up the subject of the O J, Simpson sat, Rosenbaum completed the incision. He inserted his rubber-gloved finger into the cavity and cut through the suspensory ligament, which attaches the base of the penis to the pelvic bone. When this ligament is severed, that part of the patient's penis that is inside his body can be made to extend outside, erasing the impression of greater length.

After cutting the ligament, Rosenbaum sewed the flap of skin formed by the incision down onto the top of the patient's section of newly extended penis. He closed the wound with another series of sutures. Rosenbaum assured me that the breast scars would disappear in time.

One problem with this operation is that it can change the angle of the penis during erection. Instead of pointing upward, it may point out horizontally. It may even point down. Another problem is that scar tissue can reconstruct the severed halves of the suspensory ligament and pull the penis back into its old state. As a result, the patient will end up with less length than he started with before the operation.

Rosenbaum told me he had devised a technique to prevent the formation of scar tissue. But he won't reveal what it is. In other physicians, he explained, would start revisiting the procedure and he would lose business. "Some doctors have been picking up my techniques just from the media interviews I've done, so I'm secretive."

He produced a tape measure and held it against the patient's penis. "You can see the length he's gained," Rosenbaum said. "This guy's now six inches. He started out at four."

Rosenbaum picked up a camera and took a few photographs of the patient. Howard Stern was wandering up his conversation with Genildo. He complained that they had spent so much time discussing J that he hadn't been able to interrogate Genildo about all the strange rumors the tabloid-sleuths have hunted to seduce Rosenbaum's childhood friend.

The sight of Dr. Melvyn Rosenbaum clowning over Stern's mistakes while performing one of his highly controversial penis-lengthening surgeries seemed to capture the very essence of what could be called the penis wars. I'd covered these wars only by accident. Having written an article on men who undergo surgery to become women ("The Third Sex," April), I had become interested in a movement that employs the same means to achieve the opposite end: the surgical construction of masculinity.

In the last few years, more and more men have been getting not just liposuction and face-lifts but cosmetic operations like penile implants, calf implants, even buttock implants, all to make them look younger and virile, more manly. One of the newest procedures is called the "penis pump," which involves the use of the same vacuum and constriction devices used on the one with the fewest penis inches and the greatest penis sensitivity—a penis augmentation. Here, you could argue, is the crisis of masculinity in a truly absurd state. The exhaustively discussed anxiety over male virility has been distilled into the inescapably ridiculous and potentially horrifying but also apparently rewarding quest for a larger penis.

And penis-augmentation surgery is only one aspect of a broader phallosensitization, a blossoming, colorful obsession with the male sexual organs that encompasses men who lengthen their penises with weights or pumps, men who lament their circumcisions and join support groups to restore their foreskins, men who have saline solution injected into their scrotums to enlarge them, men who subscribe to "Penis Power Quarterly," and men who use weight-and-pull-ropes to stretch their penises while in bed at night.

All manner of entrepreneurs and hustlers are trying to profit from the penis. Doctors whose practices have been threatened by health-care reform see penis enlargements as a money, lucrative source of income. But a debate is emerging over the efficacy and even the safety of these procedures, particularly the surgical ones. Lawsuits have been filed. There are disturbing tales of mutilation, even death. Given all of this, it does not seem too much of an exaggeration to think of the better fighting, the human wreckage, as the penis wars.

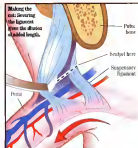
And the central figure in these wars—the lig-cutting master builder, to continue the metaphor—is Melvyn Rosenbaum. It is Rosenbaum, after all, who has become known as Dr. Dick. Rosenbaum has told patients that he has performed more than thirty-five hundred penis-augmentations, a number, he says, that amounts to 90 percent of all such surgeries reported worldwide. It is Rosenbaum who is making a fortune off the demand for this surgery; a demand, he is largely responsible for creating through his aggressive marketing scheme. It is Rosenbaum, too, who is the target of a growing number of lawsuits by patients claiming he has mangled and deformed their penises.

"Next guy's all set to go," Rosenbaum's surgical assistant informed him.

On this particular day, Rosenbaum had ten patients scheduled for surgery. He is a board-certified urologist, but he abandoned his general practice two years ago to devote himself almost entirely to penis-augmentations. He likes to perform a maximum of six operations daily and on at least one occasion has done thirteen. His schedule is booked two months in advance. He charges \$3,500 for a just lengthening or just a thickening, but he will do both procedures in one sitting for \$9,500. "You get a significant benefit if you get both," he told me, adding that 95 percent of his patients choose the discount package.

In court papers filed in a lawsuit against the businessman who helped him set up the venture, Rosenbaum revealed that in the first six months of 1994, he grossed \$6.6 million. Of course, Rosenbaum told me, almost all of the money he has made has been plowed back into the business. It is expensive to equip, staff, and maintain an operating room. The biggest liability alone cost \$11,000. "The margin on the surgery is extremely narrow," he insisted. "Minutely."

The surgeon's assistant began stripping the surgical dressings from the patient. The operation had lasted half an hour. This patient had worried only a lengthening. If he had also wanted a girth cut, another, accomplished by removing fat by liposuction from the abdomen and reinserting it into the penis, that would have taken Rosenbaum another fifteen minutes. Had he been operating in a hospital, the procedure would have cost an additional \$3,000. Hospitals are also slower, less efficient. Rosenbaum explained that his turnover time—how long it takes, once the operation is complete, for the patient to be wheeled out, the instruments cleaned, and the next patient



"This guy's now six inches. He started out at four."

scored in, anesthetized, and prepped—in thirty minutes.

"The recovery time at a hospital is an hour," Rosenbaum said in a disparaging tone. "They have a less successful staff."

Pulling off his surgical mask, Rosenbaum stepped out of the rigid operating theater. Along a corridor were several examination rooms in which his next few patients waited. One of them, a young blond man in a striped gown and long black socks, wandered out and asked where the restroom was. Rosenbaum directed him.

"Waiter now, dammit," Rosenbaum told me. As the patient closed the bathroom door, the doctor added, "Under-gird don't get passed off. They get passed on."

Rosenbaum and I walked back to his office. A knee-grooved Oriental carpet covered the floor. A bookcase contained primitive fertility statues with overexposed phalluses. Rosenbaum picked up his daily surgical schedule, which lay on his desk. It listed each patient, the procedure desired, the amount of money paid, and the amount outstanding. From 8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m., there was one patient scheduled every hour, with no break for lunch. Rosenbaum usually eats a tuna-fish sandwich at his desk.

I changed out of my scrubs in an adjacent office. On the

will hang one of Rosenbaum's newspaper advertisements.

WITH ONLY A FEW FINANCING AND MEDICAL SKILLS

Once upon a time almost all men have dreamed that a magic grass appeared and said the will grow any size within. The young man's first wish is that he is an instant billionaire. The second wish is that the ten most beautiful women in the world find him irresistible—and we all know what the third wish is. Well, Dr. Melvyn Rosenbaum did not go to medical school to learn how to grow money or open a modeling school. However, this tremendously gifted physician can give you just a head start on wish #3.

When I had changed I went out to look for Rosenbaum, but he was already back in the operating room, enlarging another penis.

The Sadhus of Southern California

"IF I CAN SAFELY BE SAID," Dr. JAMES GILBERT HAS WRITTEN in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, "that the adult male population suffers an almost universal anxiety is unjust to penile size." The reason is simple: "The use of the male organ," Masters and Johnson have written, "is the most important and most common sexual act in the life of the male." In the United States, this anxiety has been presented by many cultures to reflect directly the sexual prowess of the individual male.

Thus helps explain why a majority of the men who want penis augmentation do not in fact have small penises (average size is approximately four inches in length when flaccid, six inches when erect), much less the clinically diagnosed "microphallia" (less than four inches when erect). And many of the men who

went the procedure were not so desperate sexual performers. In fact, for display purposes, frequently in the "ladder room," I'd always been happy in an erect state—I never had any complaints from my wife—but I had a lot of relaxation when flaccid," said a West Coast businessman whose penis has been enlarged by Rosenbaum. "It's not that I want to thrust myself at the gym, but I didn't want to feel that self-consciousness."

To promoters of penis enhancement, the penis is not just an appendage. It is the objective correlative of self-esteem, both the source and the endorser of virility. The man who feels inadequate is convinced his penis is small, just as the man with the small penis feels inadequate.

Dr. James Corbin, a urologist in the north Los Angeles section of Glendale, actually goes penis enlargement as a sort of symbolic confirmation. His office, he believes, can be reborn as the more powerful, owned, and sexually arousable man they'd always wished they were, for the enlarged penis functions as a token, providing, through contagious magic, a confidence that can permeate their entire being. "I get them to see that this is an incredible change in their lives," he explained to me one afternoon in his office. "They are going to feel good about themselves maybe for the first time," he continued. "I tell them, 'This is going to change your self-image, change the way you walk, sit, look, do business, pursue women. You will now sit like a man with a big penis.'"

James Lucas, an Los Angeles-based "The Meeting of the Phallus," calls the phallus "the image of the penis."

Rosenstein uses phrases like "shower syndrome."

It is, he says, the "privileged signifier," or original symbol, from which all other symbols take their meaning. The ancient Egyptians had much the same view. They deified the penis for what they saw as its godlike ability to create life, carrying phalluses in religious processions in order, as Wilshire explained, "to thank the gods for making the humans fertile so instrumental in the perpetuation of the human species."

In certain pre-Christian cultures, the symbolic applications of the penis spread almost limitlessly. "The penis corresponds to one's parents, on the one hand, because it is itself the cause of children," wrote Antiquaries, the second-century Greek antiquarian. "It signifies a wife or mistress, since it is made for sexual intercourse . . . It indicates brothers and all blood relatives . . . It is a symbol of strength and physical vigor . . . It corresponds to speech and education . . . The penis is also a sign of wealth and possessions . . . It also signifies the respect that is inspired by high rank."

Of course, few actual penises seem capable of supporting such a profusion of symbolic attributes. Which is why, in the view of Lacanian theorists, all men feel castrated, the more experience they attach to the penis, the smaller it appears. And that, in turn, may explain why ritualistic penis enlargement has been a fixture of many cultures. The most popular technique, tying weights to the penis, has been practiced by groups ranging from the Gorozi of the northern Uganda to the subhas of India. The subhas, a tribe of ascetics who can be found along the banks of the upper Ganges, believe that God dwells in the penis. By attaching weights to their penises from the time they are young, they attach them to lengths that range from twelve to eighteen inches. The older adults use their penises in knots and wrap them in their handkerchiefs.

Visitors on this positive trip in America today I spent a Sunday afternoon in April at a meeting of an anti-circumcision support group in Huntington Beach, just south of Los Angeles. They met in an attic of folding chairs in an air-conditioned office in a small strip mall. They complained about the medical conspiracy to invade male infants for profit and denounced their various efforts to "normalize" their koushakis. They were equally interested in penis lengthening.

Reuben Clark, the host of the meeting, has designed a device for that purpose, which he has named the Hangman's Constrictor of weights and surgical hose, a lengthener the penis in a manner not unlike that employed by the subhas. The weights come in sizes ranging from two to twenty-two ounces

"Currently, I'm wearing an eighteen and a twenty-two sized together," one of the men volunteered.

This was greeted with murmurs of admiration. The man, who described himself as an orthodox Jew, had two and a half pounds of deadweight suspended from his penis.

I said it seemed to me potentially dangerous.

"I can show you mine," Clark said. "You can see if I look normal."

"I'll take your word for it."

"Of course, explained Clark, you couldn't wear the weight continuously all day. "I get up at six-thirty, put it on, shower, eat breakfast, letting it hang over the chair, take it off, go to work. In the evening, I sleep." In this way, he said, he'd gained an inch and a half in length more than a year.

"Maybe we can get jobs to start on it, and in a year he can come back and show us his results," the orthodox said.

"Yeah, we're going to get you started, John."

"I'll think about it." When the meeting drew to a close, Clark said, "I've got products in the back of my head if anyone needs more weight. Also, we're making a promotional video. If any of you guys are interested, we need penises at different angles."

Merchandising the Power Totem

"DR. ROSENSTEIN IS A PROBABLY THE MOST FAMOUS," Chris Solton said. "He's got a product guys want."

Solton is the marketing director of the Rosenstam Medical Group, which is the business operation Rosenstam has created to sell penis augmentation. The office suite, in a tower in Century City overlooking Beverly Hills, was eerily empty when I went there. It had a reception area but no receptionist. I wandered around, peering at various offices and calling out Solton's name.

Solton—who, when he finally appeared, gave me a bone-crushing handshake—was young and blond and strong-jawed. He wore a white shirt, a tie, and two-tone wing tips, and he exuded an uncomplicated male vigor.

"Two point two million women have had their penises enlarged," he told me after showing me into his office, which his sweeping newly but in anonymous, unadorned feel. "Only—let's take a high guess—eight thousand

men have had their penises enlarged." He leaned forward. "There's a huge untapped market out there. Our goal is to make that as common as breast implants."

Solton began to explain the Rosenstam marketing strategy. The business advances regularly in dozens of newspapers—from the *Los Angeles Times* and the *New York Daily News* to the *Houston Chronicle* and the *Dallas Morning News*—in magazines like *Playboy*, *GQ*, and *Men's*. The ads invite readers to call or fax for a member for a "free consultation." Solton tracks the calls each day generally. "I get ninety-four calls yesterday."

He pushed across a sheet of paper with ad copy beneath the redheaded headline **PEACE ENLARGEMENT**. "This is what we call the 'used car' ad," he said. "It's eye-catching."

He held up another sheet, with a headline that read, **BE THE NEXT GUY I EVER DATED BUT HE'S JUST TOO SMALL**. "This is the ad with the caption," Solton explained. "This gets a guy's attention. We'll put it in a dead market just to get people talking."

He passed me a third sheet. "Here's one we did for the *Super Bowl*. It's a beautiful, very eye-catching ad, a winner. Solton chuckled. "You have to have a sense of humor."

He gave me one more sheet. "This is a shocking man's ad." Its headline read, **PEPE PEPPER**. "We advertise every day somewhere," Solton said. "We run infomercials on cable stations. We've run thirty-second spots on NBC and CBS. We run a lot on Fox, obviously—it's pretty nice. We've run a lot on ESPN. We've been on *Sunday Night Live*."

The Rosenstam Medical Group now has seventeen offices around the country. Each has an office—most of which are staffed by one young man called a "medical assistant," though he has no medical training—going away to twenty-five calls a day. Calls are treated in for a consultation not with Rosenstam but with the medical assistant.

The medical assistants like to toss around the phrase "shower syndrome." The anxiety that provokes this syndrome is captured in the headline of yet another Rosenstam ad Solton showed me. **EVEN AFTER TWO HOURS OF RACETRACK, HE WOULDN'T TAKE A SHOWER**.

The traditional solution to such anxieties—if they proved debilitating—has been psychotherapy. But, as Rosenstam himself likes to point out, why spend years in therapy something you'll use to your penis just when, for much less money and in less than an hour, you can acquire as large a penis as you want?

Rosenstam is adding new consulting offices—Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia—almost every month. He is hiring doctors to perform the procedure under his supervision. He has opened his first surgery branch, in Scarsdale, outside New York City, for San Juan patients who don't want to fly all the way to Los Angeles for the procedure. An Australian physician to whom he has revealed his "trade secret" will open another surgical branch in Sydney. Eventually, Rosenstam hopes to provide over a global empire of penis-augmentation clinics.

The Man with the Pectoral Implant

"I'M A GENERAL PLASTIC SURGEON," Dr. Brian Novack said in the middle of "touching up" an anesthetic patient's penis. "I don't want to be pigeonholed as someone

who just does that. It's not weird enough to express my training and values."

Early-morning light filtered into Novack's Beverly Hills operating room. James Taylor played on the stereo. Novack is slight and quiet, a pale, almost albino man. He has a thick mustache and shoulder-length brown hair he often wears in a ponytail. In contrast to Rosenstam, when he regards us running something of an assembly line, Novack sits at his desk, his feet on the stool in his medium. He can smile at us, sharp at us, and use it to make-or-consume part of your cut, for example, and use it to rebuild your nose.

His patient that morning, a married-age expert in his field, was spread-eagled on the operating table, already anesthetized. Facing the man told me he had come to Novack last year because, after five children, his wife's vagina was no longer tight enough for them to enjoy sex. Novack had diagnosed the man's penis then and was now about to strengthen on a few more and add a little extra girth.

With a nurse at his side, Novack inserted a worldwide instrument called a cannula into incisions he had made in the patient's abdomen. He began to work the cannula, which vacuumed fat from the patient's abdominal wall, back and forth vigorously. There was surprising resistance.

"Unfortunately, our friend here is in such good shape that he has very little fat," Novack said. "And since he's had the procedure before, he's built up some tissue. If this was a virgin abdomen, it would be a lot easier."

Eventually, he filled four test tubes with the patient's fat. Some of the blood and anesthesia in the fat settled at the bottom of the tubes. Novack drained that fluid out, leaving a mixture of very pure fat. He poured the tubes into a syringe, which he then placed in a cannula. It would spin the fat, separating out all foreign matter. I told Novack that he'd been Rosenstam's first assistant, the son of the procedure—dismissing the fat—was his "trade secret."

"I've been opposed to someone giving the illusion that they have a mystical way of doing things," Novack said. "I've had many doctors come visit me. I let them watch. I explain techniques. No doctor goes in where he is without help from other doctors. People who have proprietary ideas are borderline obscene."

Novack turned on the emphysema and began to needle. "Some people just put the fat in a sterilized latex condom with a couple of pipettes in it and whip it around," he said with a smile. "I like emphysema."

After a few minutes, the purified fat, pale pink in color, was compressed. Novack drained off the byproducts—saline solution, discolored fat cells—then stretched the syringe to an instrument with a handle and trigger that resembled a caulking gun. With the needle pulling the patient's penis to the right, Novack worked the syringe up inside its shaft. Again the resistance to the needle was surprising. Novack had to jerk a back and forth quite strenuously. The patient stared, moving his feet. "Putty could you take him down?" Novack asked the anesthesiologist.

"On a refill, it's a little more uncomfortable because of the size issue," he explained. "On a primary, this should be like a hot knife through butter."

Once Novack had worked the syringe up to the head of the penis, he withdrew it slowly, injecting the fat in an even bead. "You put a needle in to create a tunnel," he said, "and then as you pull it out, you fill the tunnel with



Tying weights, Indian natives stretch their penises up to eighteen inches.

the fat." He repeated this process several times on each side of the penis. Then he averted up the hole and, while the nurse grasped the now extremely bulging penis by its head, wrapped it in gauze and a rubberized dressing.

The procedure had taken almost three hours. The nurse averted him about the rest of the day's schedule.

"I can't say too high," Novick said. "I'm going to a function tonight for Jimmy Stewart. Sharon Stone will be there. It should be fun."

In a kitchenette of the operating room, Novick, his face made down toward his chest, turned on a piece of dried pineapple and remained his disqualification to perform only penis enlargements. He was interested in all sorts of other operations, he said. "I have the only U.S. patent for a male penile implant," he told me. He had a new design for a self-implant as well, and he was also working on some ideas for a new testicle implant.

"I want you to meet Wei," Novick said. "He's had back and calf implants. And he's just been in for an eye fix."

Wei was in an examination room. He was forty-three, with thinning blond hair and a handsome, slightly disheveled face. His eyes were bruised and bandaged.

"Think like I've been in a fight," he said.

"I'll go down," Novick said, then as he pulled off the bandage, Wei's face lit up. "You'll open the incision?"

"I asked Wei why he had gotten implants."

"The calf and the butt are two areas where, if you don't have it personally, you can't build it. I'd been miserable all my life about my flat butt. I'd never wear shorts. After my implants, I wore red jeans about for a year."

Wei pulled up his left pant leg. His ankle was this, but his calf had the wide, dramatically sculpted contours of a bodybuilder's. "This is my favorite," he said.

Smiling, he stretched his full-length profile in the mirror. "See," he said, "I have a butt."

Dr. Lips and the Fat Shooters

THE COSMETOLOGIST now most commonly used for genital enhancement is the technique from Novick used on the marionette expert. Known as autologous fat injection, it was developed in 1989 by Dr. Ricardo Sanchez, a Miami physician nicknamed Dr. Lips because, until authorities stopped him, he injected patients' lips with silicone, which is not absorbed like collagen but sometimes causes disfigurement. In 1991, Sanchez, who had been trained in Guedes' techniques, Mexico, and who was not board certified to practice surgery, was convicted of manslaughter when a nightclub singer named Cleo Rivas died shortly after Sanchez performed a penis enlargement the singer had requested as a surprise for his wife.

Doctors who perform the procedure promoted by Sanchez have earned the nickname "fat shooters." And they are the subject of considerable controversy within the medical establishment. The procedure is not taught at medical schools nor subject to board certification. Malpractice insurance policies do not cover it.

"Frankly, cosmetic operations never worked through a process of clinical research and evaluation to determine the success and risks," says Dr. John Grossman, a Denver plastic surgeon whose patients include Dolly Parton. "This is a fringe operation. This is a scam. It does not lend respect or credibility to the practice of medicine. It just appeals to the greed of physicians and the tawdriness of men."

Grossman points out that when fat is harvested from one part of the body, it loses its blood supply and many of the walls of the individual fat cells are destroyed. If the fat is then injected into another part of the body, it has difficulty establishing a blood supply. Without blood, the fat will die. Some physicians maintain that with fat injections, as much as 90 percent of the fat does die and is either reabsorbed into the body or forms cystlike lumps. "Subcutaneous fat injection for increasing penile girth is a procedure which has not been shown to be safe or efficacious," the American Urological Association declared last year.

And averting the superegoic tendency to increase penis length is a procedure that dates back only to 1971, when it was developed by Dr. Long Daochao, a Chinese urologist, for a patient whose penis was partially bitten off by a pig. But it, too, is considered experimental; the AUA also calls it neither safe nor efficacious.

Melvin Rosenzweig has his patients sign an eight-page informed consent decree declaring their awareness of potential hazards, but this has not entirely prevented malpractice suits. Just once January, seven suits have been filed against him, six of them for medical malpractice.

Rosenzweig declined to discuss the patients' charges, since they are the subject of litigation. But he denied he was going to neglect his patients. "I spent a couple of days looking up the literature in the Los Angeles County Courthouse. A man named Bruce Reich said Rosenzweig on March 1 for 'shagging,' shortening, loss of use of his penis." Four days later, a Gonzalez Preciado suit for "infection and generation of abscesses and penis."

A patient named Michael Mann had particularly upsetting allegations. He said in February claiming that Rosenzweig's surgery had caused impotence, that Rosenzweig had "negligently" prescribed drugs that required him to have emergency surgery, that the surgeon consequently was cruel, forcing Rosenzweig to perform a penile implant. However, he alleged, this operation was "negligently and carelessly performed," necessitating yet another operation.

Both patients represent, of course, only a fraction of the men Rosenzweig has treated. Chris Selton sent me copies of letters from patients grateful to the urologist for changing their lives. He also arranged for Rosenzweig's patient Cal to call me. I expected Cal to provide a glowing testimonial to Rosenzweig, but he had his reservations. "It was a something that I don't want to go through, guys should do it," he said. "But it's just a pain, understandable, but for a single guy, it could pose a problem. We also had some uncertainties. If I had been in a superficial relationship with a girlfriend, it may not have worked."

At the end of our conversation he asked, "I don't sound too negative, do I?"

"Well, I begin."

Cal interrupted me. "I don't want the doctor to think I'm negative."

"Everyone Should Get One"

IN SEPTIAN MYTHOLOGY, when the god Osiris is killed and his body dismembered, his companion has retrieved all of the parts except for the penis. The canon had it, and in its stead he makes a large phallic replica and orders all Egyptians to worship it. This quest for the missing penis and the veneration of its substitute prefigure the

Turning to me, he said, "I always wanted to be big, as in big."

psychosocial turmoil engendered by the new penis-enlargement industry.

Or so it seemed to me one morning as I stood in Dr. Gary Rheimschild's operating room in downtown Anaheim. His windows overlooked a busy freeway. Vertical blinds shaded the bright sunlight and stripes. A man of average size with a long blond ponytail lay down on Rheimschild's operating table, his naked buttocks slightly raised. He was smiling. Rheimschild, a urologist, was using a scalpel to cut a smooth crescent of dermis from the patient's right buttock, marking at the top of the crescent and extending down just the anus. His patient, Dr. Bill Taylor, a plastic surgeon, was doing the same from the left.

Rheimschild had invited me to witness the type of penis augmentation he performed. He had become convinced that the fat injections performed by doctors like Rosenzweig and Novick were a total waste of time. "I did a surgery twice, and I've stopped it. It has no merit," Rheimschild told me as he continued with his incision.

He is tall and good-natured and had taped his horn-rimmed glasses to his nose so they wouldn't slide down during surgery. The problem with injections, he said, was lack of blood supply. So he now performs dermal grafts. In a dermal graft, an entire slice of fatty tissue, its network of blood vessels intact, is moved under the skin of the penis, where it is so free eventually onto the surrounding cells.

But grafting itself acts as a strange and disturbing procedure. Witnessing it, in fact, was like being present at some ancient transmutation ceremony, some religious practice in which the supplicant has by body sacrificed to attain deep psychic yearnings.

Taylor, a older-hand man wearing scrubs with a pattern of pink flowers, finished his incision first. He peeled the section of dermis from the patient's left buttock, the exposed tissue was a scarlet sore.

After reaching the fatty underlying tissue from the outer layer of skin, Taylor held up the dermis, which resembled a piece of cloth.

"Beautiful," the nurse said. "It's so clean."

Pointing to its underside, Taylor said, "This is where it will get blood supply."

An assistant of Rheimschild's named Robert, a thin, mismatched man, stood next to me, videotaping the opera-

tion. Rheimschild had previously enlarged Robert's penis, but Robert wanted additional grafts, and, while the doctors worked away, he asked Rheimschild several times if it would be done that afternoon. He seemed eager, even excited, about the prospective surgery. Telling me, he said, "I always wanted to be big, as in big."

As Rheimschild snared up the incisions on the patient's buttocks, Taylor switched the second dermal strip. The room fell silent. "Gary," Taylor said, "I just don't see how you can operate in here every day without listening to Rush Limbaugh." Taylor is fastidiously devoted to the conservative talk-show host,

the horse plant on his floor. Exploring me, said, "I'm not getting too close to the speaker, am I?" he asked.

Ignoring him, Rheimschild studied his sutures. "I'm not getting too close to the speaker, am I?" he asked.

Taylor looked out. "Plenty of room."

When Rheimschild finished his stitches, Taylor stepped in to add a special intradermal suture that would make the final scar much less conspicuous.

Then everyone in the room leaned to flip the patient over so he was lying facing Taylor. The first part of the operation had taken approximately twenty minutes. "You see, John, this is labor-intensive," Rheimschild said. "You do it quickly, it just won't work."

Rheimschild grunted the patient's penis. "He doesn't have a size problem," he said. "I told him his normal size. He just wants to be bigger. I made him sign a very stringent consent form. I told him it was experimental, it was not approved by the American Urological Association."

Rheimschild made an incision in the groin and cut the suprapubic ligament. He then made incisions at the base and head of the penis. With that done, he slid a long, thin, moist, nongelatinous, can-onic incision, pushing it along the penis shaft under the skin and out through the outer incision. To expand the openings, he worked the instrument back and forth. It all seemed extremely violent.

The patient, who was not under general anesthesia, had been sliding in and out of sleep. He suddenly raised his head. The urologistologist, a deep man whose scrubs were decorated with flying pigs, pushed him down.

"This is not a spectator sport," Taylor exclaimed, retrieving the dermal graft from a dish of saline solution. He dried it off, then used a small poker to push it all the way into the opening Rheimschild had created. That done, he snatched



With these aids, Rosenzweig hopes penis enlargement will be "as common as breast implants."

"You cure cancer, no one says thanks. *These* guys are *grateful*."

time in a practice in San Diego, specializing in penis enlargements. "I'm frustrated with general urology," Rhenschild said, sipping his iced tea.

The HMOs are taking over. Primary-care doctors are doing more. They're motivated not to provide care. I'm up-pilled by this. I want to get out of it. If I could do augmentations three times a day, I'd be free of general urology."

At that point, Robert again asked about his second enlargement. "Your penis looks very good, Robert," Rhenschild

said. "It looks phenomenal. And I'm not just saying this because I did it."

"So when are you going to get one, John?" Robert suddenly asked him.

"I've never really thought about it."

"You should get one. Everyone should."

"Out of the System"

MELVIN ROSENSTEIN's nationwide network of consulting offices was conceived not by Rosenstein but by a man named Edward Tilden. Tilden is what might be called a body-workshop connoisseur; during his career, he has, among other things, operated health clubs and monitored hair transplants. He told me that when he first heard of penis augmentations, "I thought, My God, if it truly exists, it could be the biggest cosmetic surgery breakthrough for men in history."

He drew up a marketing plan that he brought to Rosenstein. While the success of the venture astonished both men—the surgical schedule was soon booked four months in advance—Rosenstein terminated the partnership after only one year. The American Medical Association had questioned it, Tilden's policy of paying the medical assistants on commission seemed to violate laws against compensating people for recommending medical procedures.

Tilden set up Surgicare, a consulting penis-augmentation network he now runs from a black glass office tower near Newport Beach. In his lawsuit against Tilden, Rosenstein accused his former partner of trying to steal patients from him by cloning that, among other things, he is a urologist. Rosenstein also alleged that when they were working together, Tilden had been "misrepresenting the benefits of the procedure and minimizing the potential risks."

Tilden, a blunt, unapologetic man with a bristling gray mustache, denies the charges. He told me Rosenstein was simply a greedy schmoe who, once Tilden had set up the consulting offices and advertising program, decided he could run it himself and keep the roughly \$20,000 a month he had been paying Tilden. "I had poisoned him in the tip doctor for this technique," Tilden said. "He'd done a hundred radio interviews he'd been on CNN—all things I'd set up."

The allegations of greed infuriate Rosenstein. As a way of disproving them, he pointed out to me that he still lived in the same house he'd lived in for the last twelve years. And in any event, he went on, he'd practiced general urology for a quarter of a century. He'd been chief of urology and chief of staff at the Boston Medical Center



From the I. A. office, Rosenstein presides over his empire. His philosophy: "It's their penis. Whatever they want is fine with me."

the graft to the penis head. This would keep it from floating around. He did not assure it to the base, since that would inhibit the patient's erection.

Rhenschild made another pair of incisions on the opposite side of the man's penis, and they repeated the process. This second graft was so large that when they had inserted it completely in the incision, one end protruded.

"We may have to trim it," Rhenschild said.

"Let's get it in," Taylor told him. "If he's paying for it, he'd be upset at the idea of trimming anything off."

At that point, the graft, which had stretched the shaft's skin considerably, suddenly sprang back out.

"No problem, no problem," Rhenschild said. He reinserted it and again it popped out. "We'll get it," he said. "That's what makes this fun."

Sealing the second graft inside the shaft skin, they named the incisions. The patient raised his head again.

"Everything's going real well," Rhenschild told him. "You'll be so big you won't know what to do with it."

Afterward, over lunch at a nearby hotel restaurant, Rhenschild revealed that their patient had also wanted them to enlarge his scrotum by injecting it with fat. "He was pressuring me to do it. I wouldn't."

"That's disappointing," Taylor said. "I would never do it."

The two men discussed their plans to join forces. Fall-



in Los Angeles. "I've paid my dues," he said emphatically. Our conversation took place early one afternoon during a gap in Rosenbaum's surgical schedule. Clad in his green scrubs, he sat at his desk, using laughter from a paper plate while explaining his decision to devote himself entirely to penis augmentation.

I said I thought it might get boring, even nightmarish, to do nothing all day every day but enlarge penises.

Rosenbaum assured he loved it. "That is much more fun," he said. The reason, he explained, was the gratitude of his new patients. The old patients were a collection of ingrates. "You own cancer, no one says thanks," he complained. "You take care of the most complicated problems, they thank about as prayers on insurance. These guys are grateful."

The reason they're grateful, he went on, is that he's giving them something they want. And, he emphasized, he does give them what they want. For example, while he reconstructs enhancing the girth just to the size of the penis head, if a patient wants it thicker, even a lot thicker, he will comply. "It's their penis. Whatever they want is fine with me."

I asked him why he felt so proprietary about his "secret" techniques.

"I spent millions of dollars and two years of time working sixteen-hour days to develop it. Wouldn't you feel proprietary?"

And so he wasn't prepared to share it with other doctors?

"I won't teach it until I have all the offices opened."

I said that his refusal to share his research had led some physicians to accuse him of violating the Hippocratic oath, which commands doctors to "teach that art of [others] should wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation."

"There's a lot of jealousy," Rosenbaum said. "Medicine is tough these days. Reimbursements are down, costs have skyrocketed, patients have been taken off the rolls." He no longer had to worry about this, he said, because all his patients pay for the procedure out of their own pockets. He doesn't have to fight with insurance companies. "Basically, I'm out of the system, and that causes a lot of jealousy."

The Slinky Breakthrough

MANY OF THE PEOPLE I talked to in California had assumed journalism merely provided me with a cover for a more personal interest in penis enlargement. But I have always felt that size in general is so much a matter of perception that lateral dimensions are virtually irrelevant. Nonetheless, when talking to doctors and their patients, I had determined to avoid condescension or disdain. An open mind, it turned out, was essential to the enterprise. One evening, in the spirit of open inquiry, I even scribbled on one of Richard Clark's Hepburn penis lengthenings and girthenings it around and the interesting discussion made me accept the fact that this particular ritual was not for me.

And much of what I had witnessed had seemed bizarre, even appalling. By the time I met Dr. James Elia, the last doctor I talked to in Los Angeles, I thought that nothing else about penis augmentation could surprise me. But his work was the most astonishing, the most incredible, of all.

"It's based on the concept of—" Elia paused, searching for the word. "What's that thing kids play with?"

"The Slinky."

"That's right, Slinky."

Elia, a Beverly Hills urologist, was explaining to me his

concept for the artificial penis implant he has designed. And the concept is based on the oldest-wine principle of a child's toy.

"That," Elia declared, "was the Nobel idea."

Elia is portly and voluble. He has dense black hair and glittering black eyes. As he talked, he panted up and down his Beverly Hills office, his words accompanied by energetic proscriptions. Elia has developed a sort of home approach to penis enlargement (that is and is not, depending on your point of view, either the most innovative or the most freakish breakthrough in the field).

When he came up with the Slinky analogy, Elia had already told me about his patented stretch implant. Artificial testicles, made out of silicone, have been around for years. They were manufactured for men who had lost testicles to injury or cancer. Elia produced one from a small box and bounced it on the table.

For men who have testicles but feel they are too small, Elia said, he devised a crescent-shaped implant, also made from hard silicone, that could be fitted around each testicle inside the scrotal sac. Elia held one up—it was molded in the form of a small cup, about the size of half an eggplant—and, by way of illustration, lined it around the artificial testicle.

But that was a relatively straightforward innovation compared with Elia's penis implant. A variety of penis implant-to-men often rode of one sort or another—have now used for years, largely as a way of circumventing impotence. Such devices did nothing, of course, to enhance size.

Elia's implant, surgically inserted beneath the skin, has for its outer layer an envelope of stretchable silicone. This envelope can be filled with saline solution—the amount of solution determining the girth. Elia plans to offer two models. In one, the saline will be permanently sealed in the silicone. In the other model, a pump running out through the patient's scrotum will allow him to adjust the girth by adding or subtracting saline as well.

What has prevented the use of such envelopes in the past is the fact that when the penis is flaccid, it causes the plastic to fold or crease—a potentially unsightly and uncomfortable development. But by installing a rubber seal inside the envelope, Elia believes he has solved this problem. The floppy spring supports the penis and prevents the envelope from creasing.

While Elia talked, it struck me that in his world, the phallus altogether replaces the penis, which ceases to exist as a natural, vascular organ and instead becomes a technological replica of itself, a marvel of artifice that the ancient Egyptians might have worshipped.

"It's just like an accordion," Elia said, reaching for another metaphor. "It holds it up so you won't get down."

Elia said he has tested the device on animals, has stretched it, heated it, pulled it, such rigorous testing is necessary, he said. The device needs to be able to withstand potentially severe perihemorrhage. "I can't tell the patient, 'There's only ten times,'" Elia pointed out. "I can't limit the patient."

The doctor is now looking for human volunteers. "They will have to read that it, have sex with it."

Elia predicted his device would eventually replace firmer erections and dorsal grafts. But, he conceded, it, too, would be superseded in time by even more startling innovations. "That is not the final answer," he said, adding, in a phrase that conjured the stirring from long sleep of lechery and oak-breathed Egyptian gods, "this is the beginning." ■

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By Neal
Gabler

Landing up at the Hotel
Dorchester, from around the
Joe Zeffman (left) to around the
Peter Onor (right) to across
the Rick Steves, The Zeffman,
Hollywood Studios, and Goldie Hawn.



To hear most Hollywood moguls tell it, the end is coming, and it isn't pretty.

Even in the midst of a record-breaking summer at the box office, you can feel the gloom in their offices and hear it in their voices.

"There is a crumbling of the underpinning foundations of Hollywood right now," one executive said in a variation on what has become a litany around the town. "It's never been sadder."

The sobering shock came last winter when the Sony Corporation declared a \$2.7 billion write-down on the Columbia and TriStar studios it had acquired in 1989. This was in addition to the \$500 million Sony initially had to pay to pry Peter Guber and his producing partner, Jon Peters, from their lucrative production deal at Warner Bros. so they could run Columbia and TriStar: the \$100 million it spent to refurbish the old MGM lot where Columbia is now headquartered; and the \$200 million that Guber and Peters were originally promised in compensation. And all of this was in addition to the \$3.4 billion Sony spent to buy the two studios and the \$1.2 billion it committed to pay off Columbia's debt.

Even old Hollywood hands, accustomed to the industry's profligacy, seem embarrassed by the reported \$40 million payout Sony gave Guber when he resigned last year. Almost everyone dreads the repercussions of what one producer describes as "too much money, too little talent." Hollywood insiders

subtly all sound like congressional Republican cost cutters. Expenditures are spending out of control, they say. Just five years ago, the average film budget was under \$20 million. Today the average picture costs \$25 million and many. "When I came to Hollywood, the rule of thumb was that production costs were \$20,000 a day," says Joel Silver, one of Hollywood's most successful producers. "You can't shoot a movie today for \$20,000 a day. Usually you're losing \$200,000."

Costs shooting openly upward and thus endangering profits would be any businessman's nightmare, and Hollywood certainly has the apprehensions of a business. It has a product and managers and corporate boards and, in some cases, even stockholders, as other businesses do. It seems to be as preoccupied with the balance sheet as other businesses are. It cringes the same nervous other business crunch.

But like so much else in Hollywood, this is largely an illusion—the film community portraying a corporate role. Behind the organization's arts and corporate façades is a vice apparatus that would drive (and has driven) a distraction. It is a system in which featherbedding is endemic; responsibility is nonexistent; risk taking is discouraged but failure nonetheless often rewarded; huge salaries have no discernible relationship to profits; and corporate revenues are used as a slush fund for personal gain.

So the real forbidding in Hollywood today is not the ballooning budgets. It is that the industry's egregious excesses may at last jeopardize the golden goose from which everyone has benefited beyond his or her wildest dreams. By being so extravagantly rewarded for presiding over the most colossal

failure in the history of American film, Peter Guber threatens to become the industry's welfare queen, the figure whose abuses finally exposed. Almost no one keeps dirty little secrets, the thing the Japanese didn't know when they bought it: namely, that Hollywood is America's most perfect welfare state.

IN THE GOOD OLD days of the studios and forties, when each of the major studios cranked out around fifty pictures a year, there was no need for welfare here. Then, Hollywood functioned like a plantation.

At the top were the plantation masters. Louis B. Meyer at MGM or Jack Warner at Warner Bros. or Harry Cohn at Columbia. The slaves were the talent, well compensated but nevertheless bound to brutal contracts that effectively bound them to the master for eternity. The object of the system was efficiency. Each studio owned dozens of first-run theaters requiring a regular supply of movies. The slaves worked hard to fill the quota (Jimmy Cagney made six pictures in his first year under contract to Warner) and received in return not only money but the paternalistic oversight of their careers.

By the early fifties, though, the plantation had become mere shades of their former splendor. Government attacks

Million-dollar salaries: Jon Peters and Peter Guber (right) after *Rain Man* won the Best Picture Oscar in 1988.



across had divorced studios from the studios, thus robbing the latter of a reliable source of income, and court rulings had loosened the contractual bonds of talent. Eventually the old plantation masters died, and the plots were turned out to tenants—-independent producers—who contracted with the studios to provide films that the studios would then distribute. To compensate themselves, the studios maintained what was really a form of corporate welfare. They took and gave to take a substantial bite of a film's budget for overhead and then another bite, roughly 25 percent, as a "distribution fee." As a result, one of the great jokes in Hollywood is not profits. By the time the studio is finished charging off its expenses to a picture it has commissioned, no movie, not even *Forest Gump*, not even *Beverly Hills Cop*, makes a profit—which is just another way of saying that the studio carefully siphons it off before it hits the bottom line.

But while that may have taken care of the company itself, it still left the executives and the talent adrift once pr-

sumptions ended. Somehow they, too, had to be provided with a share of the soap. The executives, because they were administering the welfare fund, were certainly going to find their way into the treasury. The talent had to get its cut because clever agents like Lew Wasserman of MCA and Albe Lasker of William Morris were demanding it, and you couldn't make movies without them. What has evolved from these demands is an extremely generous welfare system for the rich that rewards nearly everyone in the short run and even assures that the spend won't run out.

The deal begins with the executives. According to Greg Crystal, a business professor at the University of California at Berkeley and an executive compensation expert, no salaries in American business are better paid than those in film. "The entertainment people are even sadder than the Wall Street crowd," says Crystal, "because the Wall Street crowd ends up with fairly low salaries and monstrous [performance] bonuses, while the entertainment people get guaranteed

business, usually 50 percent of their salary. Of course, if you have a kind of performance, you get a huge additional bonus. "One friend who had estimates there are one hundred executives in Hollywood earning more than \$1 million a year and five hundred executives earning half a million. One of us said he was making 75 million a year at Columbia.

Not even stockholders, however, know exactly how much executives in Hollywood make. That's because the precise composition of the salaries, which are acquired by the SEC to report the salaries of all of their CEOs and of their four highest-paid executive officers, label the salaries as salaries to whose executives are not covered by the regulation. Crystal, who once considered an actual salary survey on executive compensation for the film companies, believes even the parent companies themselves don't always know what their film executives are making.

Independent-production deals work like a safety net if your welfare benefits end.

Bob Daly's head of finance at the Warner studio told the head of finance of former parent company Warner Communications. "Crystal relates, describing how Warner Bros. Pictures' co-CEO Bob Daly departed the lot," and he says, "That \$10 million for that year's bonuses." He has an inside firm on the checks, and he has then differed by monopoly resort to the homes of his executives. Nobody at Warner knows who gets what. "Business as usual," according to Crystal, who Daly's wife and co-CEO Terry Seaver's estimated compensation package is in the neighborhood of \$10 million.

Even these figures may underestimate executive compensation, since most top-line executives are also rewarded with stock options and profit participation. With the kind of corporate takeovers, the options have proven particularly lucrative. Frank Price, Columbia's former chairman, received an estimated \$5 million to \$10 million when Sony took over—at the same time that the studio was apparently giving him the house. David Steel, Miramax's president, made \$10 million. Then Pollock, the chairman of Universal, took worth \$10 million and had options for \$10 million more at the time MCA, Universal's parent, was acquired by the Japanese electronics conglomerate Matsushita. MCA president Sidney Sheinberg made much more.

Not only are executives better compensated than ever before, today there are more of them to compensate.

"Twenty years ago, we had five guys and we made twenty-five pictures a year," estimates Paramount production head Robert Evans told a symposium last year. "Now there's five hundred guys and they can't make ten pictures." Evans exaggerated, but every studio now does have layers of management sharing the wealth: junior development executives, project directors, vice-presidents of production, senior vice-presidents of production, presidents of production, chairman. Disney has some fifty production executives, though it released only twenty-eight films last year. Warner Bros. has eleven at the same level alone and released twenty-seven films in 1994. Columbia and TriStar have fourteen senior-level executives for twenty-

five pictures released last year. And Paramount had seven senior-level executives for only twenty-one releases in 1994.

But the real luxury of the welfare state for these executives is that no one ever gets paid from the system. Says one major talent agent, "Your friends take care of you, and the people you helped when you were at the top basically cannot care that when you are not at the top, you have a comfortable retirement plan."

Another producer complains it is cruel service. "You go in there and you pay your dues, and you have your friends who know what you've been, and you can pretty much last forever."



Honoray for Hollywood: Former Columbia chairman Frank Price received an estimated \$10 million when Sony bought the company. He left two years later, becoming an independent producer; since then, he has made

just four films in four years. These plush deals, standard practice in the film business, aren't easily reserved for



former executives: Boba Williams's wife, Marsha, has an info-pro deal, as did Clint Eastwood's ex-girlfriend, Senta Luke, who eventually sold Warner for what she claimed was no refund in show her to make a movie.

"We all feed one another," admits Disney studio head Joe Roth, who was previously the head of Fox and, before that, Miramax. Roth, one of the most successful production companies in Hollywood. "We all circulate together. We all pass each other along from place to place."

On executives may be fused into this for a year or so, as former TriStar head Mike Medavoy is now, but sooner or later, like the head of another studio, then in one of the industry's infamous "independent producers' deals" look at any list of departed studio heads and you will never see one. They all have independent-production deals. Independent production is Hollywood's ultimate safety net—like Social Security, in the event your welfare benefits are cut off.

Independent producers get offices, staffs, expense accounts, discretionary funds. And through some—the Scott Rudin, Joel Silver, Arnon Milchan, Lewis Clax, Don Simpson, and Jerry Bruckheimer—actually make movies, the majority of them, squandering one a picture or two every few years, are essentially penniless. In thirteen years since leaving Fox, Daniel Melnick has produced eleven films. In four years since leaving Columbia, Frank Price has produced four. Three years after leaving Columbia with his inde-

pend deal, Joe Peters is finally producing his first picture.

Those independent producers who aren't penniless are likely to be in Hollywood's version of the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program. During the Peters-Guber administration at Columbia, Guber's wife, Lydia, and Peter's ex-wife had independent deals at the studio. Guber's wife had an independent deal. Clint Eastwood got an independent deal at Warner for his ex-girlfriend, actress Senta Luke, though Luke brought a suit against the studio, complaining that it never had any intention of putting a picture of her into production. In essence, she is the first independent producer willing to admit that her deal amounts to welfare.

One could certainly understand if the deal stopped at the top, as it did in most of American industry. But fortunately for the Hollywood community, it trickles down in some peculiar confirmation of Reagan's old wooden economics: "Everybody gets the profits in the studio heads make," one prominent agent told us. "They take out hundreds of millions of dollars in profits or stock options—in a bad year maybe \$5 million. Why shouldn't some make money?"

That is where Creative Artists Agency comes in. Under the stewardship of Michael Ovitz, CAA has become the industry's hottest provider of talent, representing Tom Cruise, Sylvester Stallone, Kevin Costner, Tim Hanks, Robin Williams, Robert Redford, and just about every other star of film magnitude. By monopolizing talent and by placing stars and directors on contracts and then presenting them as a "package" to a studio, CAA and its chief rival, International Creative Management, have forced studios to admit their clients into the welfare system. A first-rank star like Schwarzenegger or Cruise gets roughly \$5 million per picture with gross participation in the profits, meaning that his share in gross often halves the studio losses to six.

Even second- and third-rank stars now command \$1 million. Even second-rank stars aren't always reliable. Joe Pesi made roughly \$1 million a picture. Tim Robbins nearly \$1 million, and Nick Nolte more, though none of them can "open" a picture, Hollywood parlance for attaining a good opening weekend. And that's just salary. Like the executive, every major star has his or her own benefits package: the independent production deal, which includes office space and expenses, the per diem allowances, the trailer on location, access to the company jet.

"What is a studio to say?" asks a former studio head. "They want a star for X movie, Part III. The guy says, 'I want this. All the perks are another story.'"

The money contracts don't limit the star to the other talent, all of whose profits have been diminished by the last decade. The years and years and years, \$10,000 or \$100,000 was the most you paid for a composer to do a score for a movie, says one producer. "The last ten years, that has gone up 1,000 percent. You now pay \$100,000 for a composer, a top composer, to do a score. But another reason for his employment. There you have to go out and buy all the pop songs you're going to use to build a soundtrack." That list is a typical music budget to nearly \$1 million for a so-called A-level production, according to the producer.

But composers at least are providing music for a finished picture. A screenwriter can get a decent deal without ever having a script produced.

"For a writer, a failure isn't necessarily a failure. A fail-

ure means you get paid more the next time," a successful but widespread screenwriter told us in his lavish home in Veterans County. "You write the script, and it doesn't get produced. Your next assignment, you make probably 15 or 20 percent more. And when that doesn't get produced, you make 15 or 20 percent more on your next deal. This goes on until your agent says to you, 'Look, you're making about as good a script now and you're making more on it as you do now because people are going to start asking if you've made a movie. Let's not go too high here.' Next time, the bump is going to be smaller. But inexpensive for them is anything under \$100,000. If you can say it that level."

Of course, studios could pay less for scripts, but executives, like baseball owners, are afraid they may be losing a hot young prospect to another studio, so they scoot. Fortunately for writers, the executive who hired them at the first place is more than likely to be gone by the time the process is finished. "Nobody knows you anymore," the writer says. "All they know is that there's this fresh writer who walked in the door and his price is reasonable and up, and he's got great ideas. If enough vice-presidents are replaced, you can get through the whole system again."

Another successful but angry independent screenwriter complains that the Writers Guild strike of 1993 reduced the writers' deal because so many of them spent the scriptwriting "open" script—script—writing specifically in the hope that a studio or producer might buy them. As a result of the subsequent gap, producers and studios stopped commissioning scripts, putting a squeeze on the screenwriting middle class, those writers who go in, push it aside, and then have it subordinated to the taste of \$100,000 or \$150,000.

Whatever the middle class may have lost, though, has been more than compensated for by what former writers are making now. Shane Black, who wrote *Lethal Weapon* and *The Last Boy Scout*, a record of \$10 million in 1994 for his female director, says scripts, the *Law Man* Goodfellow. Even a novice like David Lasker earned a million for his first script of Daly the producer last summer with Martin Green and Robert Downey Jr. Some writers don't even need the script. Joe Eszterhas, who wrote *Basic Instinct*, received \$1 million for a four-page outline late last year, with the promise of a \$1 million more if the picture got made. And the most coveted script doctors, like Robert Towne, William Goldman, and Elaine May—writers who for screenplay—were now making upwards of \$100,000 a week, which is why screenwriter Richard Price once called Hollywood as addictive as cocaine. The money is habit-forming.

W. H. FAIRBANKS, ONE COULD argue that this isn't really welfare at all. It's more like welfare, since everyone presumably looks for his or her piece of the action, however outside the piece might be. On the face of it, that's true. But only on the face. In fact, the many money and the job security have been what opportunities would all a welfare mentality in Hollywood—a certain sense of entitlement.

Even some executives agree. "You know what? I think we pay too much money," Disney chairman Michael Eisner fumed a few years back. "If we paid less and if it was a little harder to make money out here, maybe they'd work."

Even worse, many people in Hollywood will tell you

that the welfare state actively encourages indolence and inactivity, once the one thing that can threaten one's income is actually doing something. "Everything is no," says Silver. "Someone said to me once, 'What's your day job?' I said, 'I wake up in the morning, people say no to me, and then I go to sleep.' Once they say yes, then they're into a whole other aesthetic. They say no, it's over."

Actors hesitate to commit to projects because they fear the possibility of failure. Producers hesitate to push their one or two projects because, as an Oscar-winning screenwriter told me, "They want to prevent themselves from failing." Even screenwriters admit that they are far more soluble if they're unproduced than if they've had a flop. One writer told me about a story that ended to be a big Chevy Chase picture several years back. They wrote it, then mutually found themselves wrong through offers for production deals, only to see everything vanish once the picture was released and it bombed. One of them wound up selling the mansion he'd just bought.

But executives are the most fearful because they know they won't get paid for not making a film, even if the call turns out to be a terrible miscalculation. One of the most common justifications in Hollywood—one I have heard a half dozen times while I was out there—is that even if I was put into "insurance," the industry would for a studio's decision not to produce me, I would be the "winner" of course, in that if someone passed on E.T., how had could their own mistakes be by comparison?

In Hollywood, you have to screw up a legitimately high level (like Norman Guran) to be permanently scolded, and even then the scars eventually begin to fade. It is a rarely different overseas, where the budgets are much smaller but the stakes much higher. "If you make a bad film in Europe, you really get punished for by your peer group and by critics," says British producer David Puttnam. But not, Puttnam says, in Hollywood, where the institutional memory is minimal.

As producer Aaron Michlin puts it, "There's no other world where somebody gets so much money just because he happens to be right now or three times out of ten."

Producers despised David Gurn, a one producer told me of the Oscar-winning blockbuster that had been initiated by a prior advertisement and hence wasn't favored by the new management. "They hated Bob Zemeckis and Tim Hanks. They wouldn't let Rob do the running things around the country. They said, 'Show us all about them in South Carolina. We don't care.'" So Zemeckis and Hanks had to put up with their first loss to the running across on different locales. In the end, Zemeckis once wound up paying for the wrap party, according to the producer.

But now, says the insider, Paramount "loves the movie and loves everybody." And so Zemeckis and Hanks had it against Paramount? "We have to forget it. We just make better or don't it happen," observes one producer. "In any other culture, you might not forget those things. If a guy comes into your house at night and says, 'You said, you don't care, you hate.' You say, 'After a few days.' But what we do here is go into the other person's house, see our self, and say, 'Look, pretty good here. Nice self.'"

And here is the final, glorious responsibility of Hollywood welfare: Nearly everyone in the system, at least until now, is insulated from the downside risk, because though executives may receive bonuses pegged to profits, there is no penalty for loss. "In the good years, they go right into the

streets, swimming all the profits off." Crystal says of executives. "And then in the bad years, they still take quite a bit of the money and make the downside move." As one talent agent quipped of Guber's deal, "You don't see a guy who loses nine million trading at Salomon getting a six million check and a job for life."

IF THE HOLLYWOOD welfare system has a proven aura, it is the late Steve Ross. Ross, the advice-based chairman of Warner Communications and then of Time Warner after the merger, is engineered, is inseparably spoken of in conversational tones.

"There is a spiritual thing about him," says one producer. "Ross loved movies," remembers another. "Steve really said it was okay to be passionate about flickering light on the screen and about your career and your life in that realm."

Another former studio head puts it more succinctly: "Steve Ross made everybody rich."

Even as he collected his \$20 million stock bonus for joining the Time Warner merger, Ross knew that the firm's, now landmarked, near-collapse, businessmen would grow all giddy and joyous and at the thought of Hollywood and would be willing to pay for the association. More to Ross's point, these businessmen would tolerate things they would never tolerate in their own businesses, including extravagance, because they are told that this is how business is conducted in Hollywood. The style of Hollywood, the welfare system, has to be supported or movies won't get made, so these generous "suspense" readily provide the funds in which the welfare recipients can luxuriate.

"People keep coming to put money into our business," says Warner's Sarnel, "either through investment-banking firms, institutional banks, or what we call 'the country of the year.' It's Europe one year, it's Japan the next year, it's Australia the next. They come with big bucks and glossy eyes to Hollywood." But, says Sarnel, they come with no long-term plan. "They know they have a short horizon as to what we represent. They know they go to it next year, this year. That's it. So the mentality is to spend whatever it takes."

For executives trying to contain costs and stabilize movie budgets, these spendific new players can be exasperating. They react to it as much opposition within the studios as the talent agents, who are accused of filing their clients' heads with dollars and dollar signs. During a recent visit, the anger was being directed at Sony Pictures, a new production company founded by former TriStar chairman Victor Kaufman. Sony had signed Hollywood talent to a two-million contract for an unspecified, unspecified action picture.

"Now every star is going to want more," said one studio head while also admitting that Sony will be happy before the Salkovics picture starts gets made. "They brought themselves a bonfire. That's all."

"You go over the low decade or the last fifteen years," says Sarnel, "and there is a lot of dollars and dozens of heavily financed producing companies that were bankrupt and were gone two, three, or four years later." For these, Hollywood turned into an economic Vietnam. The companies would keep pouring in their resources, hoping that just a little bit more would be enough to strike it big, only to conclude that Hollywood could be a homicidal pig. Finally, they would cut their losses and move on. What they did,

though, was raise prices for those who stayed behind, and once prices got raised, they never got lowered.

Still, the executives have kept coming and spending. In the past, Kinney puting, "Institutional Corporation, General Film, Miramax, Marvin Davis, brother Rick Korman, Coca-Cola, Sony, and Matsushita, and within the last few months, the Seagram Company, whose young head, Edgar Bronfman Jr., is said to have had an unbreakable yearning for Hollywood. They came, their pockets stuffed with cash, eagerly holding against one another for the right to bestow their dollars on the newly natives, even though everyone warns them that they are going to get flooded by these welfare cheer-the executives, talent agents, stars, directors, writers, you name it. They flood Coca-Cola, they flood Sony, they flood Matsushita. They take the cash, but the studios keep coming anyway. They've been coming for so long now that Hollywood has come to depend on them. It's only lately that the industry has begun to wonder: What will happen if the nuclear sky home?"

ONE WELFARE AS WE KNOW IT: That was one of Bill Clinton's election campaign promises. Throughout the years, it has also been the art of an occasional film-business reformer, though Hollywood's welfare system has proved just as unresponsive to change as Washington's.

One name that invariably surfaces whenever one talks about the dangers to trying to reform Hollywood is David Puttnam. Puttnam, a former advertising man from England, was an extremely successful producer when, as forty-five, he took the reins of Columbia in 1985. Three of his films, *Children of Men*, *The Killing Fields*, and *The Mission* had been nominated for Best Picture, and *Children* won the industry by actually winning against the better-known, Warner Brothers's *Back to the Future*. Puttnam had a special vision: He made films that were both respectable and profitable, and that somehow enabled him to say about the medium without being punished for it. "They let an outsider in the club," was how Puttnam remembers one insider praising it on Oscar night.

It wasn't that Puttnam had come from England with the intention of dismantling the welfare system. Coming from an entirely different movie-picture culture than ours, he simply never understood the sense of entitlement that permeates Hollywood.

"People I imagined really had it all—certainly were extremely successful—deal with one on the basis of power," Puttnam says. "Like, 'Whaddya mean you don't like the script?' I said, 'Well, I don't. You got another one?' They attempted to bribe me. I said, 'No.'"

At first, Puttnam thought it was humorous. Then he thought it was puzzling. Only later did he realize that it was "absolute desperation. They needed to be granted the focus or granted the attention or granted the respect that they felt for a number of years they had earned."

On a personal level, Puttnam came to have a certain sympathy for the system that protected the cuts. "I think there's a certain humanity in it"—but he knew that greed was hell on

"It was a question of whose studio it was," Puttnam now says of his clash with Ovitz.

Three faces of change:



David Puttnam came from England to Hollywood. Puttnam to prove that there would be made in a new, efficient way. His own career (Ovitz's of Fox, The Killing Fields) succeeded, but his attempted reforms did not; he's back in England now. Leading the new level of tough corporate bottom-line is Jeffrey Debus, the Viacom Entertainment chairman, whose reputation as a ruthless cost czar has earned him the nickname Ray Max. Disney

Melvin Puttnam chairman Joe Roth thrives in Hollywood as a director and an executive. But he still despairs over how movies are made today. "The system stinks," he says. "It's led by greed and ego."

business. At Columbia particularly, where management had been weak and unstable, the talent agencies had gained an enormous amount of power, bargaining huge salaries for the talent they knew the studio needed to make up for gaps. Puttnam was determined to reform that as well as the practice of padding scripts, sets, and director, which he felt was usurping his own prerogatives. That brought him into conflict with Ovitz and the talent Over represented, most notably Bill Murray when Puttnam was reported to have lashed at making *Gladiator* II. As Puttnam puts it, "It was a question of whose studio it was."

If that brought the wrath of Ovitz down upon him, what brought the wrath of Hollywood itself, Puttnam believes, was the questions he began asking about the salaries the studios were paying. "The studio executives realized that the best possible argument they could make for more money was by saying, 'Look, that's what the stars are getting, this is what the directors are getting, that's what sound is getting.' It didn't suit anyone at the moment to really stick the brakes on. Because by denouncing the brakes on other people's earnings, they were inevitably going to put a question mark on their own." In the end, Puttnam says, "I was asking questions for which there were no adequate answers."

Now, eight quiescent years after Puttnam returned to England, the welfare system is under attack once again, but this time it isn't from screenwriters trying to maintain control over a blood, uncuttable process. These new threats are being issued by cold-blooded financial businessmen trying to slash costs and streamline production. And there are some people in Hollywood who think that if the bureaucrats succeed in ending welfare, they may wind up decaying the industry itself.

Disney studio head Joe Roth grew up on Long Island, repressed and introverted, as a child, he found his greatest

The fact is that the welfare state is no longer promoting risk or art or even movies.

happiness in the magical darkness of movie theaters. He is the only studio head who has never shown and he is the first to have done so since Errol Talbot's son Paramount barely in the cinema. Most executives' offices are decorated with posters from their own films. Behind the small desk in Roth's system office in the Tower Disney building is a vast "sacred" advertising Raul's 1940 classic, *They Drive by Night*, the film he and his wife saw on their first date.

Though Roth loves movies, he hates the process by which they are made. "The system stinks," he says sadly. "It's fed by greed and ego." He hates the agents who are asking millions for untested wonderland directors fresh out of film school. He hates the game of moviemaking. "I'm a jerk," he says. "I could sit up on my fucking balcony or up in my closet upstairs and read the script that came in and have a phone and believe I can run a successful business that way." He hates the shoring of respectability in Hollywood.

But what Roth hates most is the mentality of the new businessmen who have come to bring an end to all the other things he hates.

Typical of the new men of Hollywood is Jonathan Dolgen, the chairman of Viacom Entertainment, which now includes Paramount. Dolgen, who declined to be interviewed, is a businessman with a law degree from New York University. As a financial officer at Columbia, he gained a reputation as no rathier a cost cutter than he was nicknamed Rapa Men. (Though, as one studio head noted, if Dolgen would seek a freelance hater, how did the studio get in such dire straits?) Another producer confesses that all he does when that studio asks him for a budget is pad the figures by \$5 million or so, knowing he will always be told to cut exactly that amount. At Paramount, where Viacom has maintained that the studio provide a better return on its investment, Dolgen has already reduced staff by 30 percent and overhead by \$45 million, and he has his eye on cutting more costs and raising profits.

"It's been changing and always in the same direction," says Roth of the new Hollywood, "which is much more about money and much less about what the movies are. I hate it, I hate it. But you can't ignore it. As much as you keep reminding yourself with the system, 'It's about the movie, it's about the movie,' it's about the money."

"They are no longer down by being a creative enterprise," agrees another studio head of the new corporate attitude in Hollywood. "They are driven by savings and by a bureaucratization that is completely disproportionate."

It is a complaint you hear a lot these days in Hollywood, where the word involved most often by executives and producers to describe themselves as poets. Most of them will tell you convincingly that they came to Hollywood originally fueled by pure passion for the movies. They make judgments based on their passion for material. To persevere through the nitty, they needed passion. And it was not incidental to the evolution of the welfare state that it

provided the atmosphere of bureaucratism in which passion could thrive.

But as the cost of making pictures has risen astronomically,

and as the industry has been invaded by businessmen like Dolgen, the passion for movies has cooled and been replaced by a preoccupation with money. "They wonder, it's, 'Who's number one?' Which studio has the most movies in the Top Ten?" says a producer, describing his conversations with the executives. "So you have to be performing. You can have twenty Oscars, but if the movie didn't make a dime, you sit in a meeting and they mention the movie and they say, 'It didn't make a dime.' You can't increase movies that aren't hits. They'll kill you."

What these new corporate men, Sony and Viacom and Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation, which owns Fox, do care about is growth, because that is the way the corporations stay at the table. In the case of Miramax, former MCA/Universal veteran Low Waterman and Ed Sternberg, growth is the company was not willing to spend enough to keep them in the game—a dispute that finally forced the Japanese to bail out and sell their controlling interest in Miramax, which, presumably, will seek synergistic companies to buy. To the businessmen, movies are merely product. Their passion is for profits.

Executives admit that this attitude from the corporate leaders has necessarily damaged their own values, recognizing it is the main reason Katzenberg, Gelfin, and Spielberg say they have formed DreamWorks SKG. Every studio now is trying to hit a home run—the big blockbuster movie that will bring huge grosses domestically and overseas and that may generate merchandise, soundtrack albums, theme-park attractions. "There are no styles and doubles anyone because of the economics of the business," says one studio chief. "You swing for the fences and either connect or strike out."

It is odd to hear Hollywood itself, which has long been accused by the outside world of turning out standardized junk, making the same action-adventure genre as new riders, but odd or not, money versus passion is the pivotal struggle in the industry right now. On one side are people who say that the industry cannot survive with its old spendthrift ways and that the reckoning has finally arrived. "We are running out of money," insists Aaron Malchin, noting that investors are getting weary of Hollywood's impoverishment. On the other side are people who say that as cautious and worried as the welfare system may be, it is still driven by creative people who love movies and that if movies are turned over to businessmen, profits will devour creativity, ultimately destroying the whole industry.

For ordinary moviegoers, the relevant question is whether the possible usurpation of the welfare state by a corporate state will have any impact on the movies we see. It may. Some executives complain that the bottom line is much more likely to opt for low-risk, generic action movies that they can peddle overseas than for more adventurous films. But the welfare state, for all their worried passion, isn't making movies that are much better or worse. The fact is that the welfare state is no longer promoting risk or art or even movies. It is perceiving itself. ■



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JOHNSTON & MURPHY



He's no giant: 6-4. Parcells doesn't think of himself as a "Duckman" coach. In fact, he says, "Duckman is behind."

JERSEY

Lombardi hammered the work ethic. Landry preached moral fortitude. And Bill Walsh had Joe Montana. But **Bill Parcells**, with two Super Bowl rings from the New York Giants and the promise of a third with the New England Patriots, doesn't believe in his own legend. After all, he's just a...

GUY

By Mark Kram

THEY SAY BILL PARCELLS runs his New England Patriots like an emperor. And why not? Emperor Bill? He'd complement a toga. You can see him moving with a plot in his head through the shadowed inclines of that bare, ruined dump up in Rehoboth. And he certainly has enough rings to kiss—two from Super Bowls with the Giants in 1987 and 1991. Besides, in two short years with the Patriots, Parcells has moved from the grunge of the NFL to the national screen and maybe a season away from a Super Bowl—or a media shiv if he pops out of one of those shadows empty of hand.



When you think of Parcels in Giants Stadium, you think of gray, mean Sundays; sweating and squinting, he'd look out of place in a tall-drink stop like Miami. With the Giants, he did everything but light candles for the big blow.



A parade of Gatorade: Being dunked by Harry Carson (top) after winning Super Bowl XXI, a second splashdown following Super Bowl XXV, and the first Patriots baptism, upon making the playoffs last year, in his second season.

In what appears to be a new trend in the NFL, the coach as the star, the MVP, the instant tap of credibility and franchise glimmer.

Football coaches used to be engineered figures, designed for interchangeability. They even had the same punishable tendencies: They had to "look at the film" before comment, then would lead you through your virtue of the obvious. And if they had a paragon, it was usually Wisconsin Churchill, from whom they drew inspiration the way an artist might give insight from Picasso's apples. But beneath the tight confines, there were the economies of all sorts of personalities: the henky-cool bender with all the answers, the prim military-school commandant, the politician forever at the picnic. All you ever saw, though, were calm, clichéd, rational postures of the good.

Today, the future belongs to the coach-stars and the full expression of their ever increasing ego. That means a man like Bill Parcells' MVP Levy won't have much time to say hello and study the Barle of Anathema. No big leap here, coaches have always wanted the power, and many have resented the money and money given to the players. To get that-on more chills than images—they must tower over the position, seem capable of bending a proposed fist. The coach-stars tell the season tickets, they have the best free agents, and, like new students, they're the first signal to fans of a big, new, winning direction. They are also the show.

Like that lovable old gas pump Buddy Lynn. He goes to Arizona last year, and it's as if Wyler Earp landed him his badge and the light from a stagged across the sky across billboards, with his hair like Chic hair. Larry to talk radio, and commentator Bill Walsh is like the maestro who won't bring Don Giovanni back to the Italian provinces. How about Jimmy Johnson? Jimmy, where are you? Drop the mike, with the yacht, get a case of Johnnie out on a table, an audience. The very mention of Jimmy Johnson, the games where he will go next, can carry a talk show through the night in any town. And then there is Bill Parcells, who went to the very Patriots two years ago, and this season, for the first time in thirty-five years, Redskin Stadium is a sellout.

There is a confluence of reasons why the Patriots are the theatrical glitter of the NFL season. They have a pioneering quarterback in Drew Bledsoe (In all their years, the Patriots only claim to having a superior was John Hannah—a

guard). To many, the twenty-three-year-old Bledsoe is the paradigm of the modern quarterback, the next Troy Aikman, who, at twenty-eight, is hardly finished being the previous paradigm. They have a first-time owner in Robert Kraft, a wealthy local hero who saved and stabilized the franchise. And, of course, there is Parcells, who took the team from a 3-9 record his first season to the playoffs last year in 10-6 (winning the last seven games). Then the most curious case: the Patriots as a team "on the rise," the name credible, as a rising power in the AFC. Parcells, by his frequent gestures, suggests cold showers for everyone.

But Parcells is a proven winner, truly a big-business coach who, with the Giants, was never a certain bet to be there at the end of January. He never had a running back with the smooth volatility of an Ernie Smith. He never had a shooting-star wide receiver like Jerry Rice. Even his quarterback, Phil Simms, was considered merely an efficient operator, though recent years will rightly place him among the most brilliant precision passers in NFL history. And while others were becoming more complex, Off-Tackle Bill wasn't. Give him the ball and you wouldn't see it again for a quarter.

When you think of Parcells in Giants Stadium, you think of gray, mean Sundays, sweating and squinting, he'd look out of place in a tall-drink stop like Miami. With the Giants, he did everything but light candles for the big blow, the one storm in December and January (his teams were built for these crucial months); he'd walk the field over and over at first light, tanning the cold and talking to the wind like a Plaza Indians. Bad weather means defeat, the centerpiece of the Giants.

And defense spelled Lawrence Taylor, surrounded by the kind of players Parcells loves, the kind who would turn up, free of money and prize, and get it on with, say the Giants in a parking lot, the kind of players who really understood Parcells' locker-room wall SCAMS BOSS STORY MEMOIRS TO SCOUTS. Those words and L.T. defined Parcells' Giants, and Big Bill defined his one true star from the start, isolating Taylor, firing him from pass coverage, clipping into his wild nature and game creativity to loose him upon one objective—the quarterback. In the hard-drag times, the coach built a wall between L.T. and the media, a reason that some say saved the linebacker's career.

"We had our ups and downs," Taylor once said of Parcells, reluctant to speak of their deep attachment to each other (Although the fact that Taylor considered, albeit briefly, coming out of retirement to play for the Patriots was a lot about their bond). Parcells, for his part, has called L.T. "relentless. Focused.

He is one of the few you'll ever meet who understand what a team really means."

In the big games, Parcells wants the basics more than ever. That, he says, "all the fans gaze at the world aren't worth a dime." He was in all that stagey with magnification? Against John Elway and Denver, down 10-9 in Super Bowl XXI, Parcells called a fake punt on his own forty-eight, nearly became foolhardy, he would often go on fourth and one in a dire situation.

One of Parcells' most vivid memories with the Giants was a game against the Redskins, whose "Tom call me to my wife means that it's almost sunset." Paul Allege drilled a game-winning fifty-two-yard field goal in the final seconds. "It was the most violent sound you ever heard. And then it stopped—dead, stone silent—like you just stepped into a cemetery. And it stayed that way all across the field. All the way into the tunnel. One of the greatest feelings I have ever had in my life."

Don Dorisoff of Monday Night Football could tell you that he's a gamemaster, too. The Giants were preparing for Buffalo's hurry-up offense before Super Bowl XXV. "How are you going to stop them?" Dorisoff asked.

"We're going to kick the ball," said Parcells. "Every time it's second, we'll kick it."

"You can't do that," Dorisoff shot back. "Watch me," and Parcells. And for the first half, players stumbled into the second half, slowing the bills for seconds, enough time to set up a defense.

Now, though, the Parcells Patriots do not resemble the Parcells Giants in any way (unless you count the star players he's brought over, including David Mallett, Marc Behr, and Steve DeOss). They are sharply alien to the coast of his view of the game. You might as well have asked Gipsy.



to stop the dark, menacing color and go with the light. Last year, the theme had no definite, no running game, no punter-run game, the latter often leaving Blodow to start from inside his twenty-yard line. So Parcells had Blodow fill the air with punts, accuracy of them in one game. And when the 1994 season ended, Blodow led the NFL in punting, with 4,000 yards. Still, no one believes of Off-Field Bill will ever turn into Air Parcells, and the coach will likely clip some wing off Blodow's game in the future.

After all, the dynamic between QB and coach is historically set. One Graham often had duels for Paul Brown. Roger Staubach was never so scared of a man as he was of Tim Lincecum. On the sidelines, Mike Ditka once came close to using Jim McMahon's head as a football. And Jerry Bradshaw barely poked to check Noll. The grand is about the imposing of will, play selection, sometimes glory. The latter doesn't interest Parcells, nor should it interest his quarterback. In many ways, Stennis was the perfect quarterback for him. He never flinched from criticism and had a natural bond under authority. If Parcells felt during Stennis would also. He would reflect the coach's mind, game by game, he just knew. Will be over as an antipathetic with Blodow? Can Parcells accept his way to a more accountable talent?

The six-foot, 220-pound Blodow is a pure pocket passer. He can make the ball whisper, whirly, or drop like a iron pellet. The arm made him a number-one draft choice and changed his college back account from a "average five dollars to a positive million something." A guy could fall in love with an arm like that, so can fans. Parcells won't, no matter how much he has to adjust to Blodow, he wants as NFC East team, with accommodating positions, in the soft AFC. He keeps telling Blodow, as he did Stennis. "It doesn't matter if you throw five or five thousand passes. Over coffee the next morning, they only want to know: Did you win? Not how?"

So far, Blodow has shown the same malleability as Stennis. "These doesn't have the need to fill a room," says Robert Kraft. After his first season, Blodow says, he drove back home by himself. "It was shocking what happened to me in a year." He was twenty-one, had \$1 million in the bank. "I was an NFL quarterback. What struck me by the time I got home was that I wasn't able to play in the NFL and not feel that I was a different person than I'd been all those years." What kind of nation does he live for under Parcells? He laughs. "It's not for me to point."

IF COACHES HAVE EMOTIONAL FANS, who do fans see in Bill Parcells? Where's the star on the coach? He hardly does commercials, a careful route to maintain privacy. He's never had his own local TV show, long a money source and stage for even the most abrupt and dis-oriented. Says Parcells has written an autobiography, but he shoots it down immediately. "It's lousy," he says. He seems glad it's leaving as if it's just another malleable cover he's moved over his career.

Mostly, coaches have to be studied like horses, and it's the camera that reveals them in the end. First insight personality from the camera, they gather an image from movement, habit, military attitude, body language. "We're enough and they'll give you a personality, authentic or not," says Stennis. There's that old lawyer-book Tim Lincecum with the hat, with the preacher game below that hole southern belt of run to let God see better. There's Bill Walsh, who a war old head, he scrupulous plays, you know. Then, as his, the pressure's on and he just runs his hat, nothing he can't solve, an ancient man, like one of those old Greeks.

Air Parcells?

The Patriots' future rests on Drew Bledsoe's arm, assuming of Off-Field Bill doesn't clip too much wing from his game.



What does the camera give us about Parcells? It reflects his Neanderthal brow, catches him as he winces as if running on trying to win into a frozen bog. You see a run at work like see arena. "His one of those personalities that's like a heavy layer of iron in a magnetic field," says Steve Sabol of NFL Films. "Everything happens around him. He's a good mood today, a good mood on the sideline. If we're late for a game, we get the staff the fans love, the real essence of football. When I watch him work, I never fail to think of [the phrase]. If I advance, follow me, if I retreat, kill me."

"I've watched him on the sidelines for years," says Norman Chad, a TV arm. "He got handed up like a boxer tripped. I keep warning for him to yell. Hey, man, where you want that fuckin' wolver pup?"

It's easier to say what Parcells is not than to finger him for the ages. He's not Buddy Ryan, with a full-belly wit for a whip. He doesn't have

"What really interests me," says Parcells, "are those sick bastards out there. Like that Oklahoma City bombing guy, McVeigh. I'd hang him. I believe in public hangings." He leans forward, points a finger. "But I'd torture him first. Slowly. Verrrry slowly."

the sinance of Walsh. He's not an in-your-eyeball, deadly punch like Jimmy Johnson. He's not a camera-in-the-park punch like Jerry Randle. He's not a Shaka. And, to jump jumps for a moment, he's certainly not like Pat Riley, his-herb's version of the person Oscar Wilde. Sentences aren't Parcells, he has zero interest in infusing his life, accounts with competitive wisdom. "He has the lust, the aim, the back," says Ed Cooley, a good friend of Parcells who worked for the Giants for many years. "Parcells has the Styrofoam coffee cup, the doughnut, and the wood-brother."

In other words, the Bill isn't twenty-four-hours-on-the-line and material. But it is precisely his common man persona that appeals to the fans, even if it's not the media. A few years ago, with Parcells long gone, the New York Daily News, on its seventy-five anniversary, asked its readers to name the best of New York life in the past seventy-five years: the best food, restaurant, museum, and such. The Yankees were the best team, Joe DiMaggio, the consummate player. The best football coach of all time? Plenty of names to choose from. With Parcells. And the thought of a fan.

ON THE WAY TO FORDHAM, the third entrance a projection: Is that the sound of drills and chisels on ingenuit? Can Parcells become a Rushmore coach, join the profiles of George H.W. Bush, Vince Lombardi, Paul Brown, Don Shula, Bill Walsh, Coach Nell? "A Rushmore coach?" asks Ed Cooley. "Remember, James, don't mention Rushmore to him, he'll go mad."

Says Steve Sabol: "Rushmore means winning, legacy, dynasty, continuity. He's getting joined in New England. He could be the first coach to win a Super Bowl in each conference—such dominantly opposite teams."

And he's currently in the bloodline of Lombardi, an eternal-entire coach, block, tackle, devotion to cause. In the end, a coach must take a week, every week, to a game with his personality. Parcells knows how to take a team to a game.

Early on, it wasn't clear he wanted to continue doing so with the Patriots. They were date-ridden and chaotic. When Robert Kraft bailed out the franchise, he was not really overwhelmed by Parcells's enthusiasm.

"I remember calling Bill in Florida," Kraft says. "I told him I bought the team and was looking forward to working

though. When Bobby Kraft got into some trouble in Puerto Rico several years ago, Parcells dugested his voice and called, asking, "When can the Puerto Rican ambassador capture you for dinner?"

There is no Parcells look today, however, as you enter his office. There's even been a playful flash around his eyes. He looks in light with another's complexion, then turns pointed up to the door, "He good luck." Standing up, he's an intense figure, much larger than he looks on TV. He has a vision that sounds like a guard on a chain gang, a little weary even, as if reading a shotgun has worn him out. It's easily the kind of wear you could wear him on his old noggin. Jim Thome. (He once called him "a hunk of burning rag.") Always scolding, slow to bloom. He'll light you up by blagging you with word spread, or read you to the time to pedal an exercise bike into infinity.

Parcells looks fit. He has a big lead in front of him, his face has a glow. He says he's just run two miles, does fifteen miles a week.

"How's your health?" he is asked. There were a lot of rumors about it last season after he entered a hospital. He's also had a bypass operation.

"It's good," he says with some energy. "That hospital thing was a potential deficiency, the possible lead. It could have been the bad kind. Serious."

He talks about splashing around on small surfboards for hours with a bunch of kids off the Jersey shore, some night. "That's how I stay young," the fifty-four-year-old coach says.

"It's hard adapting to young players?"

"Nah. I like young players. I like being with them. If you sit down, they'll tell you what's out there on the street. I know what they tell. For them to help. Later, I've seen some guys broken by the IRS that injures. When they know they're serious, they begin to listen."

"Why does one get the feeling that some players, the pros, are scared of you?"

"I don't think so," he says. "But that's not unbelieve. I don't intimidate people. But I've got no advantages." He sniffs. "Why does the window blinds snapping up?"

"What was that incident last year? You asked some young reporter a question, an idiot?"

"I didn't say he was a moron. The question was Did I outcoach the first Pete Carroll? I said that was a stupid question and he was a jerk for asking it. He was trying to intimidate me."

"Maybe he was a rookie."

"No." He starts emphatically. "He was a calculating guy trying to get me to yep. He was a wise guy."

"It was early in the season, right?" he is asked. (Parcells can be pure fury at a postgame press conference.) "The struggle for the headline: Where the span falls."

"No struggle here. Look, it's much worse than it used to be. They pick you up with the camera on the sideline. They interrupt your body language. They don't have a right to do that. They, he's winning. He must be distraught. Out-of-control sound bites. There aren't any radio. It's like control buttons in the thiries."

"But you don't let your coaches mingle with the press?"
"There's a reason. You can't have access of statistics, ideas floating out there. It cannot enable, without and without. You can only have one voice."

"A quarterback and the coach? Natural tensions?"

"There can be a grand," he says. "But they're not privileged characters with me. They're not separate from the rest. In fact, they may get worse. Poor Phil [Simms]. I'd pick on him the worst [cause he was the biggest target]. We still argue on the phone."

"What about Redson?"

"He's not a know-nothing. He has skill. But can he acquire shirby? The two are confused. Ability is toughness, never-neverness, concentration. Ability gets the jewelry. He can have the celebrity, the Mike Tomasko. But a champion? That's the real test. We'll see. He's just starting his journey."

"What kind of people don't you like?"

"People that he. Self-promoters, too. Can't stand self-promoters."

"What do you think of being thought of as a legend?"

"He shakes his head. "Don't call me a legend."

"Just wondering..."

"No, no, no, no! Don't even imagine it."

"Okay, full one closed. No legend."

"Good."

"Any historical figures get your mascot?"

"Churchill. Harry Truman. Tough people. But what really interests me are those sick bastards out there. Like that Oklahoma City bombing guy."

"McVeigh?"

"Yeah. I'd hang him."

"You'd hang him?"

"In public. I believe in public hangings." He leans forward, points a finger. "But I'd torture him first. Slowly. Very slowly."

"Then you'd hang him."

"Yeah." He pauses. "You can hear the clicks in his head. Sounds bad. Maybe you shouldn't use that. Let's move back about that."

ULTIMATELY, BILL PARCELLS can be summed up as a "Jersey guy," precise definition unknown. In the argot of the area, it seems to mean that he is people-smart, without pretension, and the kind of endearing ball buster you can offend in a moment—but against a ball buster Jersey guys never use the word *guy* or *legend*, which might explain why Parcells never even uses them to describe Lawrence Taylor.

Parcells was raised in Hackensack, a short pace from the Meadowlands. His father was a labor negotiator, tough

but always involved with his upbringing. He remembers his father saying, "Success is never final—but failure can be." As a kid, he was always near a ball. He recalls a scene from the lifeline, every detail as if it were from a *Carrier 66* lens print: Teenage boys and girls laughing and glomming over the pond ice, and there he is, bundled up in a little car, being his uncle, the window meaning as he listens to the classic Colts-Giants title game on the radio. He also remembers a night at the dinner table. His father asked if he was getting to play catch on the high school football team. "Christ," he says. "I was leading the state in scoring. Now, that's a humiliating experience."

Later, as a football player, a linebacker, Parcells was drafted in the twelfth round by Detroit. He performed coaching and landed assistant's jobs at West Point and Hastings College in Nebraska, where he did the team laundry, sometimes stepped the field. Do the Patriots remain here at all of Hastings? The Patriots have no practice field at the stadium. Fifty or so players have no hop in their cars, guests in pads, sweating, and ride those miles to work out, and they come back the same way, only with a bit more aroma. Kind of sad for the big league? Parcells just laughs.

Wrongly, Parcells had the wife of an authoritarian with the Giants. He's actually more like a Senate whip, an arm-twister, a cheerleader and only, whatever it takes. To do that, you have to know where these fans lie, where they go at night, who they are, what they want—on and off the field. He inhabits their secret places through almost obsessive contact, individually, day by day. Nothing is more than a coach who knows the mood of his team before each game. When Parcells finds the mood, he grafts it to himself, becomes what his players are feeling. It is a sensitive calibration. Is it a dogged work or a loose, beer-and-jerkies preparation?

Just about everything he thinks and values comes from some long-forgotten gym or field in New Jersey or from his days as an assistant at West Point. The Point had a profound effect on him. His wife, Judy, tells a story about Bill. They once took a ride up to West Point to watch a practice, have dinner, see old friends. "It was freezing," she says. "He went down on the field, then came back up and sat some more." "It grew darker, emptier, and colder. 'Bill, man, how have there been an hour and a half and the wind was blowing in off the reservoir and I was absolutely shivering. That's when I tapped him on the shoulder and asked him if we were having fun yet.'"

West Point was where he tightened up the bolts to who he was, what he had to be, where ideas like loyalty and "do the right thing" are not dull and carry but the real currency in living a life. He was just reviving old values.

When will he give his wife a break, you that doing party? "I have enough money for the first time," he says. "I'm here because I want to be." Presumably speaking about the pressure, the old days of buckets of pink food, tea cups of coffee a day, and someone smoking, he says: "Forget legend. I'm an ordinary guy who was lucky. That's the truth, not humility." He pauses. "I gave my blood to this game. Got open on an operating table. I gave what I gave. But I got them, they didn't get me. By that way," he says, referring to Timothy McVeigh, "I would torture him." So what, in the end, is Bill Parcells's idea of perfect contentment? His map climbing an octane, he puts out. "One more point than they have." ■

JOSEPH
ABBOUD

The Bonkus Mirabilis

Who cares if you're old enough to know better?
You're going home with her anyway.

BY NICK HORNBY

Fact: Over three million men in England have slept with ten or more women. And do they all look like Richard Gere? Are they all as rich as Croesus, as charming as Clark Gable, as preposterously endowed as Errol Flynn, as witty as Oscar Wilde? Nope. It's nothing to do with any of that. Maybe half a dozen or so of that three million have one or more of these attributes, but that still leaves . . . well, three million, give or take half a dozen. And they're just blokes. We're just blokes, because I,

even I, am a member of the exclusive three million club. This is not so easy if you're unmarried and in your mid-thirties. Ten partners in a couple of decades of sexual activity is actually pretty feeble, if you think about it: One partner every two years, and if any of those partners was a one-night stand and that one-night stand came in the middle of a two-year drought, then you're not in trouble nearly how you're hardly the Number One Lover Man in your particular post district. Ten isn't a lot, not for the thirty-something bachelor. Twenty isn't a lot, if you look at it that way. Anything over thirty, I reckon, and you're

centred to appear on an Oprah about promiscuity.

Mum is my somewhat lover. "How does he do it?" you ask yourself. "He seems like a good person, he goes out every night, he's got a hard time, he's grumpy, he's broke, he hangs out with the ble-"

ugh! Susan Dey, and yet he goes to go to bed with an American recording artist who looks like Susan Dey. What's going on?

First off, let's not get centred away here. Tin, she's a recording artist, but she records with the ironically titled Blackpool-based The Records, and it's the type of record contract where you sell your own tapes during the interval of your own show in London's pram-pious St. Harry Lander nightclub. And if I know Susan Dey and after a relationship that has endured for over twenty years I feel I do, I reckon she'd be the first to admit that looking like Susan Dey in L. A. Law is not the



ibly out of the end of your whiskin', and so when, on the occasion of any fine... well, never you mind. But this dissident party group of the male sex organs caused distress and embarrassment and shame until one afternoon in a Whiffy bar, a school friend, apoplectic of assting, remarked that the fellow he had left in his glass of Whiffy cola "looked like spunk," an expression of admiration that had me pulsing feverishly for an entire weekend, although at the time, of course, I discerned knowingly it is difficult to score at foreign matter floating on the top of a glass of cola and from this minimal information work out the miracle of life itself, but that is what I had to do, and I did it, too.

Anyways. We stand up and kiss, and then we sit down and kiss, and half of me is telling myself not to worry, and the other half is feeling pleased with myself, and these two halves make a whole and leave no room for the here and now, for any pleasure or lust, so then I start wondering whether I have ever enjoyed this stuff, the physical sensation rather than the fact of it, or whether it's just something I told myself to do, and when the reverse is so, I find that we're no longer kissing but hanging, and I'm staring at the back of the sofa. Mine pushes me away so that she can have a look at me, and either then let her see me going blankly into space, I separate my eyes tight shut, which gets me out of the amorphous hole but which in the long run is probably a mistake, because it makes it look as though I have spent some of my life worrying for that moment, and that will either save her right or make her assume some things that she shouldn't.

"You okay?" she asks.
I nod. "Yes."

"For now. But I wouldn't be if I thought this was the end of the evening."

When I was seventeen, I used to lie awake at night, hoping that someone would say things like that to me now it just brings back the pain.

"It's not it, is it?"

"Good. In that case, I'll be on something else to drink. You sticking to the whiskey, or you want a coffee?"

I stick to the whiskey so I'll have an excuse if nothing happens, or if things happen too quickly, or if I blab like this.

"You know, I really thought you hated me," she says. "It'd be never said more than two words to me before that evening, and they were real crummy words."

"Is that why you were interested?"

"Yeah, kind of. I guess."

"That's not the right answer."

"No, but... it's a guy's kind of weird with me, I want to find out what's going on, you know?"

"And you know now?"

"Nephe. Do you?"

Yep.

"Nephe."

We laugh nervously, maybe if I just keep laughing, I'll be able to postpone the moment. She tells me that the thought I was cast, a word that no one has ever previously used in connection with me, and scolded, for which I think she means that I don't say much and I always look vaguely pissed off. I tell her that I think she's beautiful, which I sort of do, and talented, which I definitely do. And we talk like

this for a while, congratulating ourselves on our good fortune and each other for our good taste, which is the way these post-late pre-sex conversations always go, in my experience, and I'm grateful for every stray word of it, because it keeps me from had the actual hassle-yoban that had before.

I've never had the actual hassle-yoban that had before. I used to get nervous, sure, but I was never in any doubt that I wanted to go through with it, now it seems more than enough to know that I can if I want to, and if there were a way of cheating or circumventing the next big-getting. Marie to sign some sort of affidavit that said I'd spent the night, for example—I'd take it. It's hard to imagine, in fact, that the thrill of actually doing it will be any greater than the thrill of finding myself in a position to do it, but then maybe sex has always been like that for me. Maybe I never really enjoyed the naked part of sex, just the dinner, coffee, and get-away that's my favorite. Hardcore film is sort of sex, as long as it's a sexual pleasure and not just a purposeful chat, and—

"Whoa, whoa! I kidding! I'm just trying to make myself feel better. I used to love sex, all of it, the naked parts and the clothed parts and, on a good day, with a fair wind, when I hadn't had too much to drink and I wasn't too tired and I was just at the right stage of the relationship (just too soon, when I had the first major nerves, and not too late, when I had the no-the-night-after (now-a-days) like), I was okay at it. (By which I mean what exactly? Damn. No complaints, I guess, but then then never as in polite company, are there?) The trouble is that it's been years since I've done anything like that. What if she laughs? What if I get my sensitive skin round my head? It does happen with this sweater. For some reason, the archaic has shrunk but nothing else—the rest that or my head has got fat at a faster rate than the rest of me—and if I'd known this morning that... anyway."

"We got to go," I say. I have no idea that I'm going to say this, but when I hear the words, they make perfect sense. Not of course! What a fantastic idea just go home! You don't have to have sex if you don't want to! What a game!

Marie looks at me. "When I said before that I hoped it wasn't the end of the evening, I was, you know... talking about breakfast and stuff. I wasn't talking about another whiskey and another ten minutes of shooting the shit. I'd like it if you could stay the night."

"Oh," I say lamely. "Oh, right."

"Jesus, so much for delicacy. Now then I ask a guy to stay the night when I'm home, I'll do it. The American say I thought you English were supposed to be the masters of understatement and holding around the truth and all that jazz."

"We said it, but we don't understand it when other people say it."

"You understand me now? I'd rather stop there, before I have to say something really crude."

"No, don't be. I just thought I should, you know, clear things up."

"So they're clear?"

"Yeah."

"And you'll stay?"

"Yeah."

"Good."

It takes genius to do what I have just done. I had the

chance of going, and I knew it, in the process, I showed myself incapable of conducting a conversation with any kind of sophistication whatsoever. She was a nice way late to ask me to stay the night, and I had her to believe that I said right over my head, then turning myself into the kind of person she wouldn't have wanted to sleep with in the first place. Brilliant.

But miraculously there are no more hiccups. We have the Trigan conversation, so in I tell her I haven't brought anything with me and she laughs and says that she'd be surprised if I had and anyway she has something in her bag. We both know what we're talking about and why, but we don't elaborate any further (I'm don't need to, do you?) If you ask someone for a loan roll, you don't have to have a conversation about what you're going to do with it. And then she picks up her drink, grabs me by the hand, and takes me into the bedroom.

Bad news. There's a bathroom attendant. I hate bathroom attendants. All that "This can't be the great northumbria and the peak itself" stuff. Don't get me wrong. Tension by genre is of the utmost importance, and people who don't clean their teeth are disgusting and very off, and I wouldn't let a child of mine, or even me, do so. But, you know, can't we take some time out every now and again? We're supposed to be in the grip of a passion that neither of us can control here, so how come the can find time to think about Neurologia and cancer treatment and cotton balls and the rest of it? On the whole, I prefer women who are prepared to break the habit of half a lifetime in your house, and, in any case, bathroom attendant do nothing for a chap's nerves, or for his enthusiasm, if you catch my drift. I'm particularly disappointed to learn that Marie is an introvert, because I thought she'd be a little more bubbly, with the morning context and all. I thought sex would be a little drier, hardly and frequently. Once we're in the bedroom, the disappears straightaway, and I'm left cooling my heels and worrying about whether I'm supposed to get undressed or not.

See, if I get undressed and she then offers me the great northumbria, I'm made. That means either the long made walk to the bathroom, and I'm just not ready for that yet, or going fully clothed and getting your sweats stuck over your head and around (I'd rather the great northumbria is over my head, for obvious reasons). It's all right for her, of course, she can avoid all this. She can come in wearing an extra-large T-shirt. That's the she then slips off while I'm out of the room, she's given nothing away and I'm a heartbroken wreck. But then I remember that I'm wearing a pair of reasonably snazzy boxer (a present from Laura) and a cleanish white T-shirt, so I can go for the underwear-is-bed option, a not unreasonable compromise. When Marie comes back, I'm browsing through her jeans living paycheck with as much cool as I can manage. And then I go to the bathroom and clean my teeth, and then I come back, and then we make love; and then we talk for a bit, and then we turn the light out; and that's it. I'm not going into all that other shit, the who-did-whose-whom stuff. You know "Behind Closed Doors," by Charles Rich? That's one of my favorite songs.

You're entitled to know some things, I suppose. You're entitled to know that I didn't let myself down, that none of the major problems affected me, that I didn't deliver the goods but Marie said she had a nice time anyway, and I loved her, and you're entitled to know that I had a nice time, too, and that at some point about the way I remembered what it was like about sex. What I like about sex is that I can lose myself in it entirely. Sex, in fact, is the most absorbing activity I have discovered in adulthood. When I was a child, I used to feel this way about all sorts of things—Legos, The Jungle Book, The Hardy Boys, The Man from U.N.C.L.E., Saturday morning cartoons... I could forget where I was, the time of day, who I was with. Sex is the only thing I've found like that as a grown-up, give or take the old film. Books are no longer like that once you're out of your teens, and I've certainly never found it in my work. All the horrible pre-sex self-consciousness drains out of me, and I forget where I am, the time of day... and, yes, I forget who I'm with, for the time being. Sex is about the only grown-up thing I know how to do; it's weird, then, that it's the only thing that can make me feel like a ten-year-old.

I wake up around dawn, and I have the same feeling I had the other night, the night I caught on about Laura and Ray: that I've got no ballast, nothing to weigh me down, and if I don't hang on, I'll just float away. I like Marie a lot—she's funny and smart and pretty and talented—but who the hell is she? I don't mean that philosophically. I just mean, I don't know her from Eve, so what am I doing in her bed? Surely there's a better, safer, more friendly place for me than this? But I know there isn't,

not at the moment, and that saves me right.

I get up, find my snazzy boxer and my T-shirt, go into the living room, fumble in my jacket pocket for my keys, and sit at the desk, smoking. After a while Marie gets up, too, and sits down next to me.

"You staying here wondering what you're doing?"

"No. I'm just, you know..."

"Cuz that's why I'm staying here, it's like."

"Thought I'd wait for you."

"So I've even been to sleep."

"You've been wondering for a lot longer than that. Worked anything out?"

"Yes. I've worked out that I was real lonely, and I went and jumped into bed with the first person who'd have me. And I've also worked out that I was lucky it was you, and not somebody mean or boring or crazy."

"I'm not mean, anyway. And you wouldn't have gone to bed with anyone who was any of those things."

"I'm not so sure about that. I've had a bad week."

"What's happened?"

"Nothing's happened. I've had a bad week in my head, in it."

Before we sleep together, there was at least some reason that it was something we both wanted to do, that it

was the healthy, strong beginning of an exciting new relationship. Now all the pretense seems to have gone, and we're left to face the fact that we're staying here because we don't know anybody else we could be staying with.

"I don't care if you've got the blues," Marie says. "It's okay. And I won't be felled by you seeing all cool about... what's her name?"

"Lena."

"Lena, right. But people are allowed to feel horny and fucked-up at the same time. You shouldn't feel embarrassed about it. I don't. Why should we be denied basic human rights just because we're messed up on marihuana?"

I'm beginning to feel more embarrassed about the conversation than about anything we've just done. Henry? They really use that word? Jesus. All my life I've wanted to go to bed with an American, and now I have, and I'm beginning to see why people don't do it more often. Apart from Americans, that is, who probably go to bed with Americans all the time.

"You think sex is a basic human right?"

"You bet. And I'm not going to let that asshole stand between me and a fuck."

I try not to think about the peculiar anatomical diagram she has just drawn. And I also decide not to point out that though sex may well be a basic human right, it's kind of hard to insist on that right if you keep on banging up with the people you want to have sex with.

"Which asshole?"

She spins out the name of a fairly well-known American singer-songwriter, someone you might have heard of.

"He's the one you had to split the Barry Clark records with?"

She nods, and I can't control my enthusiasm.

"That's amazing!"

"What, that you've slept with someone who's slept with...?" (Here she repeats the name of the fairly well-known American singer-songwriter, whom I shall hereafter refer to as Steve.)

She's right! Exactly that! Exactly that I've slept with someone who's slept with... Steve! (That sentence sounds stupid without his real name in it. Like, I've danced with a man who danced with a girl who danced with... Bob. But just imagine the name of someone, not really famous, but quite famous—Lyle Lovett, say, although I should point out, for legal reasons, that it's not him—and you'll get the idea.)

"Don't be dumb, Marie. I'm not that easy. I just mean, you know, it's amazing that someone who wrote...and here I name Steve's greatest hit, a drizzly and reverberantly sensitive ballad—"should be such a bastard." I'm very pleased with this explanation for my insistence. Not only does it get me out of a hole, but it's both sharp and relevant.

"That song's about her ex, you know, the one before me. It fits real good, because to him, that night after night, I can tell you."

This is great. This is how I imagined it would be, going out with someone who had a recording contract.

"And then I wrote Barry Clark Times Two," and he's

probably writing something about me writing a song about all that, and she's probably writing a song about having a song written about her, and...

"That's how it goes."

"That's how it goes. We all do that."

"No, but..."

It would take too long to explain about Marco and Charlie, and how they wrote Sarah, in a way because without Marco and Charlie there would have been no Sarah, and how Sarah and her ex, the one who wanted to be someone at the BSC, how they wrote me, and how Marie the pure to the soul simultaneous-organic girl and I wrote Ray. It's just that none of us had the wit or the talent to make them into songs. We made them into life, which is much messier and more time-consuming, and leaves nothing for anybody to whistle.

Marie stands up. "I'm about to do something terrible, so please forgive me." She walks over to her audiocassette, opens one tape, rummages around, and then puts in another, and the two of us sit in the dark and listen to the songs of Miles Lofble. I think I can understand why, too, I think if I were heterosexual and lost and unsure of what I was playing at, I'd do the same. Pulling work is a good thing in times like these. What am I supposed to do? Go and unlock the shop and walk around it?

"In due gross or what?" she says after a little while. "It's kind of the manifestation or something, listening to myself for glasses. How do you feel about that, Bob? Three hours after we made love and I'm already peeling off."

I wish she hadn't said that. It's kind of spoiled the moment.

We get back to sleep, in the end, and we wake up late, and I look and perhaps even smell a bit grottier than she might have wanted in an ideal world, and she's friendly but distant; I get the feeling that last night is unlikely to be repeated. We go out for breakfast to a place that is full of young couples who have spent the night together, and though we don't look out of place, I know we are: Everybody else seems happy and comfortable and established, not nervy and new and sad, and Marie and I read our newspapers

with an intensity that is designed to cut out any further intensity. It's only after word that we really cut ourselves apart from the rest, though. A quick and useful peek on the clock, and I have the rest of Sunday to myself, whether I want it or not.

What were wrong? Nothing and everything. Nothing. We had a nice evening, we had sex that banished neither of us, we even had a pedantic conversation that I and maybe she will remember for ages and ages. Everything. All that stupid business when I couldn't decide whether I was going home or not, in the process giving her the impression that I was a half-wit, the way that we got on brilliantly and then had nothing much to say to each other, the manner of our parting, the fact that I'm no master to appearing in the record-store notes than I was before I met her. It's not a case of the glass being half full or half empty; more that we tipped a whole half-pint into an empty pint pot. I had to see how much was there, though, and now I know it.

Betcha can!

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FASHION GENTLEMAN

Fall Fashion '95: Focus on outerwear, from city streets to ski slopes

On Fashion: Woody Hochswender



The Outer Man

NOT SO LONG AGO, casual outerwear for men consisted of leather jackets, mackinaws, heavy sweaters, and your dad's old fur-collared coat. But with the emergence of technical clothing for skiing and mountaineering, as well as the ever-increasing informality of contemporary life, outerwear has taken the spotlight in men's fashion. This month, *Esquire* devotes its entire fashion section to it.

Men now pay particular attention to their down parkas and Gore-Tex shells, their insulated vests and waterproof lace-up boots, in the same way that they once doted on tie bars and spectator shoes. There is now a jacket for every purpose. A sports-minded culture seeks the functional ease of sport-inspired fashion. These outward style interests no doubt provide clues to the inner man, but one approaches them

A sports-minded culture seeks the functional ease of sporty fashion



Ski look:

Today's nylon jumpsuits, shorts, are a far cry from the puffy and gaudy ski suits right, in a 1980 Esquire

Urban pac:

Lightweight parkas against wind and rain have replaced dark woolen coats, right, from a 1980 Esquire

Short coats:

Men's coat lengths go up and down, like women's skirts. Now they're short, like this one, right, from a 1941 Esquire

with caution. How significant is it, for example, that in the concrete heart of the American city, where man is furthest from the world of animals and nature, nearly everyone dons the second skin of leather for predatory shopping strolls down the boulevard? Perhaps it's simplistic to say that our clothes are the emblems of our yearnings. And why does our obsession with high-tech clothing that's designed for an assault on Annapurna seem to parallel our fascination with high-powered four-wheel-drive vehicles that do most of their off-roading in suburban driveways? It may be too easy to suggest that we are trying to protect ourselves against something.

But it sure seems that way.

Starting on page 164, Esquire looks at the trends in men's outerwear: jackets that function like urban armor; the new short coats; high-tech ski clothes; and sleek, modern leathers. »



DOLCE & GABBANA

FALL FASHION '95: **Heavy-duty Outerwear**

URBAN ARMOR

Evolution can't protect us against the forces of nature—Mother or human. Fashion and technology to the rescue.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TROY WORD

Men's heavy jackets
and trousers by
Gucci. Women's
heavy jackets by
Isabel Marant. Kids' heavy
jackets by Issey Miyake.
Kids' trousers by
Issey Miyake. Kids' shoes
by Michael Kors. Kids' hats
by Dodo. Kids' socks
by Dodo. Kids' shoes
by Dodo. Kids' socks
by Dodo. Kids' shoes
by Dodo.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MATHIAS

Evolution can't protect us against the forces of nature—Mother or human. Fashion and technology to the rescue.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TROY WORD

[illegible]

JOHN M. MITCHELL



His father, one-horned jacket by Stone Island, wool cardigan by G. P. Company; hat by Rag & Bone. Her coat by CE Olsen. Kids' medallion by Christina Rich for Optical Africa. Opposite: Down-filled coat and reversible silk trousers by Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren. Boy's coat by Stone Island, cardigan and overalls by Gap. All in-house clothing equipment by Bellocards.



FALL FASHION '95: Coat Lengths

SHORT



TAKES

The new midlength coats, here on actor Peter Berg, recall the classic car coats of an earlier era.

RESERVED OVER TIME, midlength lengths go up and down as the seasons' desirability as women's skirts and trousers the cycles are longer. After a decade of almost knee-length, now designers return us to a knee-fall, classic, car-coat look, taking to the knee to give women

Midwest wool polo sweater and woad-saxony-blend trousers by Helmut Lang. Another look by Kenneth Cole. Opposite: Double-breasted alpaca coat

By Gianni Versace. Dark Hennessey-scented chardonnay and cognac. Bismarck, 1995. Midlength, wool trousers by Peter Berg. Photo shoot by J. P. Toffi.



Photographs by Diego Uchitel
PRODUCED BY JOHN MATHER



AN ASSASSINATOR ON TV? Sure, he best known as *Charlie Kinkadee*, the cop who in last year's season 2 of *The Mentalist* *Seduction* and as *Groundskeeper Willie* on TV's *Chicago*. *Michael Berg* is rather famous as a *character*. "I wrote a film called *Parious* the year," he says, "about an assassination attempt against the president of the United States and the Chinese premier that's thwarted by a psychotic park ranger. It's a heliocentric over-the-top action picture." Berg will be in it, too. *Michael Kinkadee* is set to play the lead.

Meanwhile, Berg is sticking with acting. Actors get treated better in the industry and get more money," he says. "I'm proud to be a *TV* star, but I'll take the money." He'll take the money to be in *Girl 8*, Spike Lee's new film about phone sex. "I play *Turner Bob*, a second assistant," he says.

Berg took some time away from *The Great White Hyatt*—a boxing movie being shot in L.A. with Samuel L. Jackson—to try on some short coats for *Esquire*. "My favorite overcoat," he told us, "is an olive-green Brooks Brothers in cashmere. But I don't get to wear it enough. One of the worst aspects of life in Los Angeles is that you don't get a chance to wear clothes. I have to limit my outerwear to a long-sleeved T-shirt."

Single-breasted wool coat by Studio 080 1 by Perry, cashmere half-length by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, wool trousers by Joseph Abboud.

Double-breasted wool coat by Cole Haan. Opposite: Double-breasted wool coat, wool crewneck, and waistcoat-trousers by Calvin Klein.

The store information on page 186

STYLING: MICHAEL BERG. HAIR: JEFFREY MAYER. MAKEUP: JEFFREY MAYER. STYLING: MICHAEL BERG. HAIR: JEFFREY MAYER. MAKEUP: JEFFREY MAYER.



PEAK CONDITION

From left: Arden's
resistant Gortex
sylon (pumped by the
North Face) gloves by
Gore-Tex. Raven
repellent treated
sylon pumped by
Pellegrino. Led by
Mountain. Waterproof
breathable polyester
pumpkin by Killy.
Pumpkin pumped
by the North Face. All
sunglasses by
Chicco. Both for
Optical. Others

Between the coat hanger and the cliff hanger, skiwear encounters a lot of derring-do. Today's handsome and rugged gear is scientifically constructed to meet the dangers head-on. Photographs by Davis Factor

Techno Ski

PRODUCED BY TONY MEXILLON

SEPTEMBER 1995 • \$5.95 • 111

Snowsuits that suit the weather as well as the terrain are smart products of new technology.

MOUNTAIN MAN
Anti-fogging goggles by Oregon Armco
Nex, hat by Stone
Isle, sunglasses by
Christian Lacroix for
Optical Affairs, gloves
by Gordini. Opposite:
Down-hauling goggles
picks with crushed
wool, pile up-front
acrylic and polyester
shell, and zip-up
polyester anorak with
windbreak by Gordini.
polyester pants by
Bogert, hat by
Bouville, goggles by
Cris, gloves by
Gordini.

FUTURE GEAR

Georries waterproof
sweats and matching
pants by the North
Face, pulsed turtleneck
by Jockey, goggles by
Armet Dymond. Wind
resistant and wool-
cotton sliver pants by
Globe Access Nine,
insulation by
Choreana. Felt for
Open at Allure, gloves
by Jockey (left) and
Burke (right)

For more information
see page 104

Snug, sturdy sweaters keep daring jumpers out
of jeopardy—not to mention in dazzling shape.



Second Skin

The sleek leather jacket, that perennial favorite, just got better for fall

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
TROY WORD



Stormy Leather
Bomber-style jacket, ribbed-
wool turtleneck, and velvet
trousers by Gucci
Opposite: Motorcycle jacket
and wool trousers by
Calvin Klein; leather
lace-up shoes by Joseph
Bennett; fur jacket
by Norma Kamali; skirt by
Sportswear; boots by
Stephane Gillon



Basic Black

Double-breasted, six-button jacket and wool turtleneck by Gianni Versace. Her dress by CK Calvin Klein. Opposite: Belad ear coat, cotton turtleneck, wool trousers, and leather lace-up shoes by Trussardi. Her jacket by Salvatore Ferragamo; shirt and pants by Philosophy di Alberta Ferretti; shoes by Maud Frizon.





Hide and Chic
 Six-button-filled jacket,
 cashmere cardigan,
 and wool trousers by
 Giorgio Armani. Leather
 lace-up shoes by Enzo
 Angileri. Opposite: Coat
 by Jil Sander, boots by
 Calvin Klein.

For store information
 see page 194.



CARS

Phil Patton

Korea Goes Cross-Country

SOMEONE HAD PAINTED a warning skull on the rock at the turnoff for Broken Arrow Road, beneath the metal sign with its cursive of welded letters. It was a western Mojave road as hard as the iron sign—just the place to test the new Korean-made Kia Sportage sports-utility vehicle.

The company would have us pronounce the name SPOB-idge, not Spër-Taj, an alternative whose pronunciation would not fit this vehicle. Even though the Sportage has completed the grueling Pikes Peak rally, its friendly, almost toylike shape may make you wonder whether it can handle the road and the blood that lie beyond the pavement. But if it can take on Broken Arrow Road, the Sportage's attractive price and off-road looks—rounded, a bit huggable—may just make it the vehicle to finally establish Korean imports in America.

For years, we've been looking to Korea to reproduce the initial success of the Japanese: to bring us low-cost vehicles of high quality. Americaners were not convinced that Hyundai's Excel was worthy of the name, but its new Accent, with its curlicy styling, is a much better car. Daewoo is expected soon, and even Samsung may add cars to VCRs in its product mix. So far, the Korean strategy has been to enter the family-sedan market at the low end, but the Sportage is aimed at American buyers frustrated with the high price of SUVs—about \$19,000, on average. Even the top-end model, the EX, is priced nearly ten grand less.

After opening its first dealers on the east shores, at Portland, Oregon, two years ago, Kia has worked to establish its reliability. The J.D. Power numbers for its Sephia sedan have been disappointing—nothing gains, the company says—but it and the Sportage are selling well in the West and the South, second only to Honda per dealer among imports in areas where it's sold. Now Kia is moving east, like an occupying army. So far, it has reached Atlanta and is heading north, with 140 dealerships in twenty states. The plan is to invade the Northeast next, then the surrounded heartland.

In the desert, the Sportage acts as play-doh at a wheel. It handily traverses the roughest stretches of washboard, and when the dirt turns to gravel, then to boulders, the Sportage proves it's a far real SUV.

It certainly has the whole package: full-frame ladder chassis, front double-wishbones to give the three more corners on the road, and respectable V-6 auto-locking hubs

that let you shift into four-wheel drive on the fly if you corner under fifteen miles an hour (flying). The low hood lets you know just where the front end is, and the turning radius is tight enough for Broken Arrow's meandering S-carpous or for badly damaged fan-belt drive-throughs.

At first blush, the Sportage would seem to be one of the new generation of minivans. But it is not all that min. It has a longer wheelbase than a Jeep Cherokee and is both shorter overall and wider than most full-size SUVs. With a 79-inch clearance, a roof plate to protect the engine from what it doesn't clear, and a sturdy suspension, the Sportage absorbs the ugly ruts and cracks where Broken Arrow has dried and fissured. The Mazda-designed four-cylinder engine itself is not as impressive on the steep lanes of a freeway as here, where the horses keep their hooves in the mud.

Ultimately, the Sportage must prove itself not just on Broken Arrow Road but on such drives as the one from the Mojave down the Antelope Valley Freeway, where penitence goes awestruck brooded in about some, through Beverly Hills (the Sportage is easy to park between the Louises and the Inksters on Sunset), and finally to the newly opened Petersen Automotive Museum, a huge edifice that is part of the L.A. County Natural History Museum. Inside, amid the Ferraris and Donatellis, you can see one of the first Daewoo ever brought to the U.S.—a tiny and underpowered—and a Wartburg, a reminder that even East Germans once believed they could sell to Americans.

It's a reminder, too, of how many imports, from Fiat to Yugo, have broken their arrows in vain trying to penetrate the American market. Success here requires engineering a suspension of one's native Moparisms to avoid charge Europe. The imports that succeed are those that bring more than price and value, the ones that add the sort of personality that exists in the Sportage's combination of tough underpinnings with soft body lines, which no longer seem incongruous once you feel its bouncy, youthful exuberance on the Rins of Broken Arrow Road. It



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Kia Sportage EX Technical Features

Engine: Two-liter, 130-horsepower four-cylinder

Transmission: Getrag five-speed full synchromesh

Fuel economy: 23 mpg city, 27 highway

Other features: Five-wheel ABS, self-locking hubs, fold-down rear seats, optional traction control

Base price: \$18,150

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ESQUIRE **Style Agenda****MUSIC**

Mark Jacobson

Wacko Jacko: Unhappy Again

BLAME STEVEN SPIELBERG. He could have saved Michael Jackson. One of the three Jews (Jeffrey Katzenberg and Michael Milken are the others) described by MJ as his "best friends," Spielberg could have made *Thriller* his with Michael in the Mary Martin role, as he talked of doing back in the early '80s, before things got seriously strange. Think of it: Michael, Timberlake in his pocket, licensing the nursery, leading the lost boys, vanquishing Captain Hook, never growing old. With legs on the silver screen, imbued with the uplifting, daisycandy-dispelling Spielberg touch. Was that not the role Michael the personae, the personae, was whom (youngster) to play? It could have occurred to a lot of dreamers.

But it didn't happen. Michael retreated into the shadow of his own personal Newland. Instead of Peter Pan, we get the madd-boggling trailer for *HIStory*, in which the hero, at hand in flowing robes, leads a goose-stepping army into an awed cry and evens a fifty-story monument to himself. (Is MJ trying to tell us something when he has the helicopter fly between the statue's legs, whirling blades as close to his crotch? Was that a silent plea to stop him, as Peter Lorne once begged to M, before he commits the unspeakable?)

Referring us, of course, to the double-CD *HIStory*—one disc of past Jaksies, 15 previous hits and one of new, currently peculiar material—an added nip in every seam, a sensationalized look-out. After all, who could have predicted that the late figure singing "I Want You Back" with Tito and Jermaine would wind up being winter than George Bush? Or that the boy would drop-step altogether, abandoned by the man he grew to be? In his self-portrait, "Childhood" in the *HIStory* book, MJ shows himself building himself in a corner—but it's not the singer of "ABC," it's the six-year-old version of the current MJ, tiny nose and all.

But who can argue when Lisa Marie—the ideal husband of Newland, after her ancestral appointment in the Graceland *Elvis*—sings—poets (the King's poetic post and says that anybody dropping on her current husband's anemic "right" not to look like himself can "not it? Still, the mind

made. The main question concerning Michael Jackson, or as the New York *Times* calls him, "Wacko Jacko," is: Should we pay him because he's so desecrated, or is he too desecrated to be paid?

Case in point is disc two of *HIStory*, a landmark of pop self-judgmentation, an aural Xanax of paranoia and finger-pointing not equaled since the unfurling of the Nazim tapes in "Scream," it's the "personae" in "They Don't Care About Us" (the "do me, kick me, hit me" song), it's police brutality. In "D.S.", it's the CIA, the KKK, the FBI. In "Tabloid Junkies," it's Rupert Murdoch defaming and crucifying the Lord Bismarck enough concerns, except that in MJ's concealing, everything happens to him alone. Wonder if "Stranger in Moscow" (A tale of a walk through a city of raving eyes, it was up a plausible La Carri-le Jackson "Amusement of the brain," Michael sings, "GCB was doggie" and "take my name, and just let me be," and you sense we may be getting a little story here, something to participate in. But then Russian children are shouting Michael's name, and we know that's just another case of the magical MJ, lover of all that is innocent and pure, being stalked for no other reason than that love.

Where the biggest selling pop star of all time can go from this economic low moment is difficult to imagine. My parents barely gave *HIStory* a candle. It was the child-abuse charges that put them off. The complainers of a thirty-six-year-old billionaire just don't interfere there. That's sad, because they used to think he was the greatest. It gets sadder if you play the first disc of *HIStory*, then listen to the stuff from *Off the Wall*. "Rock with You" isn't on the disc of the monumental "Billie Jean," but there's an earnest here, a contentment. This was MJ's inter-age age, the brief cease between the dad-run tyranny of the Jacksons 5 and the necessity of post-Mo'Nique studios. Watch the video for "Rock with You." It's totally cheesy—just MJ in spangled pants, singing in front of a blaring mandolin. Michael didn't need the Super Bowl to express his love then, indeed, he looks extremely normal, a cute black guy with short curls. He doesn't dance much, but there's a verity in his body, a sweetness. Maybe he was happy then. Who knows what he is now. ■

What's in Store

With the arrival of Labor Day, it's time to consider a seasonal wardrobe update, even if dry days are still on the sunny side. Esquire experts will be visiting retailers around the country to interpret the fashion news for fall. Please check the following listing for the special Esquire presentation in your area.

Canal at Bloomingdale's

Join Esquire and Bloomingdale's for a Canal trunk show at the following store locations:

New York City, 59th Street: Monday, September 11.
 (Email representatives will also be available on Sunday, September 10.)
 Short Hills: New Jersey (Saturday, September 23)
 Don't miss this opportunity to place your order for fall. \$95 and spring \$10 merchandise.

In addition, Bloomingdale's will host Canal trunk shows in the Chicago area on September 7 at the Bloomingdale's and September 8 at North Michigan Avenue.

Canal at Mar's

Readers in the northeast can catch a Canal trunk show and an Esquire seminar on casual Friday dressing at Mar's in Portland on Wednesday, September 27, at Mar's in Seattle on Thursday, September 28. Call 800-242-5034.

J.J. Farmer Collection at Saks Fifth Avenue in Short Hills, New Jersey

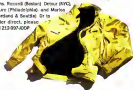
This Cosmos collection by J.J. Farmer debuts this month at Saks Fifth Avenue. Defined as a collection of "combining elements or parts," this evolution of the J.J. Farmer label translates into a wardrobe of versatile silhouettes. Esquire and J.J. Farmer will explore the elements behind the Cosmos collection and the comforts of casual dressing for the office and weekend. Call 201-379-7000 ext. 378.

Paul Smith in Chicago

September 14.
 This pre-fall collection of fine men's and women's tailored clothing will open its doors for a private shopping experience. Esquire editors, taking the magazine's take on fashion and fine dining, to the Worthy City John Hancock Center, 875 North Michigan Avenue, 312-949-2690.

Outerwear That's In

German designer Wolfgang Joop suggests adding a touch of color to outerwear this season. Consider an alternative to the old standby dark jacket. JOOP outerwear is available in a range of colors such as olive-drab, red, and royal blue and features a combination of durable nylon fabrics perfect for any winter activity. For the outdoorsmen in you, these jackets are available at the following retail locations: Reardon (Boston), Denim (NYC), Akers (Philadelphia), and Marlo (Portland & Seattle). Or to order direct, please call 212-937-0009.

**All Jazzed Up**

Jazz aficionados take note: Esquire and Blue Note Records have teamed up for a new venture called the Esquire Jazz Collection. The first four discs are in stores now and include *Discothèque*, *The Voice of the Soul*, *Forward the Lights*, and *Christmas Eve*. Watch this space next month for information on club dates for a tour by some of the featured artists.

**Sporting Style**

Henry of Saffordville, maker of fine men's underwear and lounge wear, introduces its Sport Style collection of T-shirts, tees, and boxer shorts. For any active lifestyle, the Henry collection offers the finest in fabric and European styling. To discover the Henry difference and the feel of its 100% Egyptian cotton fabric, he can be seen in their television installments: Norman Macdonald, Skipper Casperson, and Nicky Pitts Avenue. For additional information, call 800-689-7643.

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*Contact lens and other professional services may not be included. Offer applies to first-time 3-Day ACUVUE wearers only.

The Laser Line

New(yak) and not had this month

Michael Jackson's autobiographical *Coche, Night One* (AMERCO) (Reinforced) tapes of the great singer—low-down, dirty, totally in a state of grace. Marvin Gaye, the Master (Gibson) Peter Dinklage of the man's underwear cover. The "Star Spangled Banner" strikes right to the heart of the nation's darkness.

Ragdoll & Estimote, *Sounds in* (Albion) (Twenty) Twenty-three-year-old pianist writes and plays reggae, blues, funk, and soul. Enter in *Crash* (Flycatcher), the machine-intensive soundtrack from the hovering film about the notable and early cartoonist.

Thomson, *Alphaville* Collection (Flycatcher) (Twenty) Twenty-three-year-old pianist writes and plays reggae, blues, funk, and soul. Enter in *Crash* (Flycatcher), the machine-intensive soundtrack from the hovering film about the notable and early cartoonist.

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ings & aches in *Shoreline by Kenneth Cole*, 1986 (Doubleday), is a collection of 100 poems that the author, who lives in the Bronx, wrote while he was in the hospital. The poems are arranged in three sections: "The Hospital," "The Hospital," and "The Hospital." The poems are arranged in three sections: "The Hospital," "The Hospital," and "The Hospital." The poems are arranged in three sections: "The Hospital," "The Hospital," and "The Hospital."

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M R. P E E P E R S, E S Q.

ciously twice, and baby dolls, and eight, eight slats that showed the outlines of the tucked-in blouses that had the collars up. There were Frankie and Johnny whose hair rose in pompadeur like at the last Vesuvius show or on Brad Pitt in *Johnny Suede*. They would put it back and smooth it into long wisps with the pure hair love of Eldi Byrnes of *77 Sunset Strip*. Maybe they went outside to smoke. Maybe going to dance every afternoon ruined their grades. They weren't going to Dartmouth.

"That's a burn," says the voice, meaning something has not worked. "I'll say something, make some noise. Otherwise, I'm going down with you," Eric Niss warns them. Gulls have started to strip down to the bikini lining under their thongs.

Key is performing live, the three backups in undershorts dancing and punching, crotch grabbing and stage humping in unison like the guys in tight evidence suits that used to finger men and save in time in police movies.

One of *The Gimp's* great is dancing so hard that he crashes into a palm tree. His dignity prodded, he looks around to see if anyone caught him being uncool, and then he just keeps on dancing, slightly dazed. A whole volleyball team from the beach dived with umbrellas and a giant inflatable MTV logo (swimming in the rhythm of the winds) "Bum de bum de bum bum." Life brings you surprises / Sometimes problems arrive [sic].

It had all begun the previous day when, after another all-nighter at Gilson Stern, I was awakened by the special sounds of scaffolding being erected, the humming and chattering, and testing of the loudspeaker system that seemed to follow me wherever I went.

"You won't be able to swim in the pool tomorrow—they are shooting 'The Great,'" the man at the desk had said. I thought that was some kind of youth codespeak and, pretending to understand, went to breakfast where I sat

long was singing that old standard "Miss Chatterbox" and where everyone who served me looked like they could jump right out of the restaurant and onto the air. Considering the option of a Pinacol or two with my freshly squeezed grapefruit juice, I studied the menu until the waiter in his khaki shorts approached. I wanted to sing, "Stay restaurant me," but I didn't. ■



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Julie Baumgold

The Daily Grind

A DEEP-PURPLE DANCE did over the palm fronds, I was the last one into the Rialto Hotel. At 5:00 AM, entrance two nights running earned me a certain respect from the night manager. The final pulses of the Glen Slane's music were still a phantom sensation, ignoring the urgent blinking of various machines, I crawled into bed in my minutely trendy digital robe.

Here I was in the quarters of the radiohead hotel of South Beach. On one wall was a colorful Erykah Badu with brown hair (Horror thought: Were these people too young to remember that she was blond?) On another, Ronald Reagan was grinning and sharing the good times with Marilyn Monroe. I had

casuals plumbing, high-tech phones, the TV up high—just like in a hospital room—new rna Nicole on call, and ghosts of all the girlfriends who once inhabited this room and would have sent back the raw rna (Erik Pines) Sleep lasted three hours. Then the loudspeakers started.

Two hundred teenagers were bouncing in single file to take their places around the famous old swimming pool. They were already lightly abashed with sweat and definitely ready to dance.

"If you can't move, any out of the water," said a voice on a loudspeaker. "New York dancers, get to know the Miami dancers. Kick it hard!"

Obviously, by their random chance, I had penetrated the very epicenter of hip—the comic spot where the Rialto Hotel met MTV. Michael Jackson began singing. Post-passing me. "Was this, perhaps, a nightmare?"

No, it was the live recording of about fifteen episodes of MTV's dance program called "The Grind." Sometimes the Grind takes place indoors in clubs, under a mirrored ball so shiny that the host needs to wear shades, but this was The Grind on plain air, which meant straining Lycra, poolside spandex, giggling, lucas looked into bikini tops, taller average like sucking laughter at bottles of Naya water.

"There's, like, a camera everywhere, even up in the windows. Be loud. Get naked," said the voice. "Today's

ganas be a lot of fun, tomorrow's ganas be funner. There's a guarantee: if you get dizzy or a headache. Use your sunscreen. High energy!"

They were stationed around the pool, which looked like a cord table squeezed in the middle. Teenage flesh was burning and straining against cut-offs unbuttoned to black underwear tops, tiny teen tank tops, neon-purple football jerseys, socks, varietals, black dresses, and boots-on. An amalgamation of design. Almost no one had a stomach but a few random PC fans. Everyone had yards of neon hair.

The Grind, as they explain to anyone over thirty, is American fondled rules. It is on MTV every afternoon at four as a perfect demonstration that the world has grown more boundless with the enlargement of the smoker. The Grind is fondled without the couples. Everyone dances alone in his own personal scenario of self. It is fondled under the palms instead of on the main, overstraining streets of South Philly. They go on the road with a core group of dancers and hire extras, and then the invisible technicians in the air-conditioned trailers put it all together in a soup of video clips, live acts, and moon.

Prudent, adults fringed the pool, wearing their arm-our above T-shirts, their badges, their belts, their guns. They stared the wildly hocking young, bringing them coolers of ice water and colored water balloons to spray their wet faces and weary flesh in moments of peace from the thrashing and arm clanking, when they would subside against a palm tree and pick up their Home and well-thumbed copies of Goethe. The concert served the concert—it used to be the concert.

Some dancers were in the pool, gawling on floats and riding an armada of inflatable. They were dancing on the walls, on the waterfall diving board, on tires, on the balconies, at one-foot intervals from one another, all around the historic, six-story pool where a few moons ago the average age was sort of eighty and the basic look was seaweed-black socks and sandals, altered nuns, loose flesh, women felled by re-liquan to erotic men with their uncovered hair or knees. Outside, Kiefer Wulff collided with Zay (continued on page 100)



Where have you gone, Dick Clark? Kickin' it, possibly, in Miami.



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